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## THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

WITH Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches, completing his Scotch tour, at Dundee and St. Andrews on Friday and Saturday last, and with the addresses of Sir HENRY JAMES and Lord ROSEBURY, the speechmaking of the recess came to an end; and last Thursday a different kind of speech, the QUEEN'S Speech, started a different sort of wordy battle. The details of that Speech we shall notice elsewhere; it is sufficient here to say that the earlier promise of "business of importance" is not likely to be belied. The previous question, however, whether that business, no matter what its character, will be allowed to be carried on in that which is at present interesting to Englishmen. There have been during the recess remarkably few signs of it. Mr. GLADSTONE has been away, and those members of his party who notoriously groan that, when he is not away, he is under the control of the FOSTERS and the STUARTS, and suchlike persons, have no doubt been devoutly thankful for his absence. But his utterances by letter and otherwise have spoken a complete determination to make everything else give way, as far as he can manage it, to his fixed idea of regaining Downing Street under the mantle of Home Rule. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has latterly held his tongue, and Mr. MORLEY—the only person of the slightest mark or likelihood on the Gladstonian side now that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is *fini* and that nobody else has begun—has divided himself between paying elaborate compliments to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and observing in every shade and tone that Mr. O'BRIEN'S conduct is idiotic, but that he intends to defend Mr. O'BRIEN. The integuments of that martyr, the quieter fate of Mr. HARRINGTON and others, the Gweedore affair, and not improbably the approaching termination of the Special Commission, will give opportunities, which were really not needed, to the English and Irish Parnellites for delaying the progress of business. And the English and Irish Parnellites, to do them justice, have not made the very smallest attempt to conceal their intentions of delay. In the name and under the banner of the sacred breeches of Mr. O'BRIEN they announced a design (happily not carried out for good reasons) of beginning to obstruct even before the Address was reached. According to recent extensions of the abuse of discussing the Address for weeks, there is no reason why Easter should see Parliament at all far advanced in its proper work. It is quite certain, too, from what has been said, that the most important part of that business—the necessary provision for the defence of the country—will not be spared its share of Obstruction. The Irish Parnellites desire that England shall be as weak as possible, for obvious reasons. A section of their English allies, for reasons not so obvious, do the same; and the rest and most, with hardly an exception, do not care whether England is weak or not, provided that the Tories are prevented from gaining credit by making her strong. The prospect which such a state of things opens can hardly be called cheerful.

It is fortunate that in beginning a Session which promises so much difficulty the Government is absolutely assured, as far as such words can be used, of a majority in the House of Commons. The Liberal and Radical Unionists would appear to have shed all their weak members; they know that a war to the knife has been proclaimed against them by Gladstonian leaders, and that for exceedingly obvious reasons it is more likely that these leaders' followers will desert once more to the real Liberal side than that the leaders will offer terms. Therefore Liberal-Unionists have no reason to be false to the Union alliance if they would; and there is, further, no reason at present to suppose that they would if they had such reasons. Lord HARTINGTON in letters, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN

in the speeches referred to, Sir HENRY JAMES in speech and in his epistle to some electoral busybody of Bury, have been thoroughly at one in the unflinching nature of their utterances. It must have been with a certain fearful looking forward to a future of unbroken ill success that men like Mr. MORLEY read Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S language at Dundee, and their courage and hopes—that courage which Mr. MORLEY declares to be so high, and those hopes which he declares to be so confident—cannot have been much heightened or strengthened by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S language at St. Andrews. It has been pretended that the East Perthshire election is an answer to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. But even Gladstonian credulity can hardly swallow this construction of a contest where Sir JOHN KINLOCH has actually lost 100 and more votes on the majority which his predecessor obtained the last time that a Conservative contested the seat. It is studiously kept secret by the Gladstonians, it is equally well known to all tolerably well-informed political students, that Home Rule is but one of the matters which keep Liberals at daggers drawn. The greatest, perhaps the sole great one among others, is the question of the heritage of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is this which makes Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. MORLEY—combined as rival aspirants have often combined before, with the certainty of flying at each other's throats if by any chance they succeeded—in such bitter opposition to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and it is this which, though no doubt Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would be very glad to join Mr. CHAMBERLAIN against Mr. MORLEY or Mr. Anybody against Mr. Anybody else, makes union of the three practically impossible. It is this, also, which is a main, if not the main, tie-beam of the Unionist alliance as far as self-interest—a thing if not all-powerful, never to be neglected—goes.

There is, therefore, no reason whatever for the Government to be fearful or afraid in reference to the coming Session. They have paid the Liberal-Unionists a heavy retainer in the shape of last year's Local Government Bill, and they can, with less violence to Conservative feeling, administer refreshers in the shape of other measures. It will probably not be necessary to appoint a Land Commission to consider the condition of Mr. GLADSTONE'S tenants. Something will have to be done to please Scotland; but there are two or three not in the least contentious measures from which the something may be selected. We should ourselves prefer to see, instead of anything "flaring" in the way of legislation, a good selection made from the long list of useful minor measures which many QUEEN'S Speeches, including this, have seen promised and neglected, with a fair effort following to get them through. Practically speaking, it is only in Tory Administrations that such measures have any chance; and it is a mistake, though a not uncommon one, to think that they do not pay. At the same time we shall confess very frankly that we anticipate little but wasted time. To the Opposition the waste of time is everything, and no device has yet been elaborated which can prevent them from wasting it if they choose. Although the Closure drove some measures, or stages of measures, through last year, it is very doubtful whether as much time was not wasted on every occasion in revenge by the regular and irregular Opposition. Having never believed in the Closure ourselves, we can make this admission with perfectly clear consciences. But there is one point on which we hope that the House will promptly make up its mind, and that is, the manner of dealing with recurrences of the disease which may be variously called Conybearitis or Tannerism. So long as there is an Opposition which, unlike the Opposition of 1880-85, refuses to join the Government in putting down obstruction by the strong hand, and with practical unanimity, obstruction will go on in one form or another, even though power were given

to the leader of the House to move that the question be now put once in five minutes. But it is in the power of the majority at least to secure outward decency or the infliction of a severe penalty on those who do not choose to preserve outward decency. If this is not done, worse things will follow than the mere delay of legislation, which is always, or nearly always, a very tolerable evil. We have got into the habit in England of regarding the House of Commons as a Heaven-appointed institution which may take what liberties it pleases with itself and everything else. It is not impossible that we may be undeceived, and, in the present state of the electorate and of general political wisdom, very unpleasantly undeceived. Nor could anything be so likely to bring on such an undeceiving as the frequent repetition of behaviour like that of the CONYBEARES and the TANNERS, carried on, as it can be at present, with all but absolute impunity.

#### NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THE letters which General ADYE and Admiral COLOMB have sent to the *Times* on this subject belong to the kind which, by the courtesy of the press, is called "interesting." If one wanted to find a special epithet for them, "hopeless" would be a great deal better. It is quite unnecessary to say anything about the large portion of Sir JOHN ADYE's letter which is devoted to abolishing Sir LINTON SIMMONS. We have said our say about Sir LINTON's scheme for a Ministry of Defence, and have no need to repeat it. We thought, and we think, that he proposed an impracticable method of doing a thing which we should like well to see done. The unity of control which is so desperately needed in the government of our armed forces would not be given us by his new Ministry; but, none the less, we ought to endeavour after it as well as we can. The hopelessness of the remarks made by these two officers lies just in this—that they apparently are convinced that this unity cannot be attained. Though they vary in the subjects on which they prefer to dwell, they agree in this, that both are convinced that the management of things, naval and military, is a matter so mysterious, that only the expert can be allowed to have an opinion on it, and even be only on that part of it which belongs to his expertise—if that is the word for the domain of knowledge appertaining to an expert. Even that would not be the end of our sorrows. If the experts agreed among themselves on anything except the unfitness of laymen to have an opinion, there would be a chance of getting the work done. But they do not; and so, according to the General and the Admiral, this is our position—the fighting-men cannot understand one another's business, no layman can understand any part of the business, and so we never can attain to any general conception of what the defence of the country ought to be.

Fortunately, the situation is not quite so desperate; all this imposing talk about difficulties and mysteries is, to name it by its name, so much mere professional cant. Of course, only the specially-trained man can understand purely technical things; but there is a great deal in the question of defence which is not technical, but a simple matter of common-sense and policy, quite within the competence of any man of ordinary brains. It takes no special training to show such a one that it is vitally important to this country to retain its naval supremacy, that this can only be done by a fleet strong enough to compete with any probable hostile coalition; that our army ought to be strong enough to garrison the fortified posts on the trade routes, to supply a field army for India over and above the necessary garrisons, and still leave us a reserve army at home to watch the coast, and, in case of need, to supply an auxiliary corps of moderate size to any Continental ally. This, we say, can be easily understood by any rational man. No doubt there are men who, in this matter, are not rational. There are, for instance, the members of the Peace Society, who have just published an appeal to the British people to resist the wicked militarism which is threatening us with slavery and wooden shoes. They can see nothing, except that a great deal of money has already been spent on naval and military preparations, and they are quite sure that the call for more money is a wicked conspiracy concocted by naval and military officers, ex-Ministers, Chambers of Commerce, and other traitors to the people. They are prepared to show a better way. "If," they say, with all their usual wisdom, "half the attention

"which is now given to the preparations for war and "for the destruction of mankind were bestowed by the "Governments of so-called civilized nations on meeting "one another, and arranging for the limitation of armies "and fleets, and on the formation of tribunals to which "international disputes could be referred, we should soon "be relieved from the pressure of our fiscal and from "many of our moral burdens." If, in fact, the nature of man and of things were not what it is, the Peace Society might gaily lead us all out a-catching of larks; but man and things are what they are. In a world which is armed to its eyes, is full of causes of quarrel, and liable to be influenced by angry passions, it is, on the whole, wiser to be able to rely upon your own strength. The Peace Society will, of course, never understand *that*; but their countrymen, to whom they appeal, are not quite so obtuse. They can understand that the outlay on the navy is enormous or not according to what the navy has to protect and may have to fight; that because money has been ill spent in past years it would be exceedingly imbecile to refuse to spend it now; that the proper remedy for mismanagement is amendment, and not stoppage of work—these and other kindred truths are easily understood by the average Englishman. Therefore we do not suppose that he will waste much time in listening to the monotonous repetitions of the Peace Society. He will leave them on one side and the pretentious platitudes of the experts on the other, and will decide to spend his money, as he is entitled to do, on securing himself, by an increase of his navy and army, from the possible hostility of neighbours who are a good deal more likely to be influenced by the knowledge that he is too formidable to be attacked than by any moral example which can possibly be set them by what the Peace Society loves to call "Christian England."

Of the exact value of the "Extracts from the Report of "the Committee on the Naval Manœuvres, 1888," we have not, and do not expect to have, the means of forming an opinion. It requires no demonstration that when extracts of a larger document are published, it is necessary, before estimating their value, to learn what was suppressed. It may be mere surplusage or useless detail, but it may also be something which would correct or complete what we are allowed to see. From the fact that Admiral Sir ARTHUR HOOD, a Naval Lord, had felt called upon to modify and sometimes to contradict the statements and opinions of the three officers who sign the Report, we may conclude with some security that the document, as it exists in manuscript in the archives of the Admiralty, is far more unfavourable than the edited version given to the public. The wisdom or folly of suppressing unfavourable statements about the condition of our armaments need not be argued at present. We may, however, again point out that the mere fact that there have been suppressions will tell our "friend the enemy" nearly as much as he could have learnt from the Report, had it been published entire. It will tell that there is something we do not care to repeat, and he will draw the obvious deduction. At home the suppressions will produce a certain uneasiness, not the less unpleasant because it is somewhat vague. In this case no great harm may be done, since what has been allowed to appear contains a plain statement of the one essential fact, supported by quite sufficient evidence. At the beginning of their summary of the teaching of the manœuvres the three Admirals who deliver judgment place these intelligible words:—"The main lesson which these manœuvres "emphasize is, that Great Britain, whose maritime supremacy is her life, is very far from being as strong as she "should be on the seas, either in *personnel* or *matériel*." We could wish that the Admirals had remembered that their own language contains the words men and ships, but their meaning is clear. Neither can there be any doubt as to the grounds on which they arrived at it when they point out that the vessels engaged in the manœuvres were the whole available force we could have relied on to meet an enemy with, and that in their opinion it is not sufficient. There may, as Sir ARTHUR HOOD, speaking for the Admiralty, says there is, be a slight overstatement of their case on the part of the Admirals. He does not, however, even attempt to shake it in the main. This is the heart of the whole dispute. Whether all our ships are as good as they might be, whether some qualities have not been unduly sacrificed to secure others, and such dubious questions, are matters of detail, and may be left, without any denial of their importance, to the tender mercy of experts. The one simple, intelligible result of the manœuvres and the Report on them is this—that, be our ships what they may, we have not



enough of them. This we can all understand as well as any gentleman who hoists his flag at the main—if, indeed, there is any main left for him to hoist his flag at. We can also see the remedy quite as clearly. It is (let the Peace Society avert its streaming eyes) to get more ships—and that quickly. The brief reference in the QUEEN'S Speech, the few words said in the first night of the debate on the Address, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S announcement of his intention "to move for leave to bring in a Bill," are signs that the long-delayed strengthening of our forces is about to be begun by additions to the most important of all our lines of defence.

#### ALL FOR WANT OF A BRIDGE.

THE melancholy accident which has interrupted the Torpids at Oxford this week bears a very plain and obvious moral on the face of it. Although we do not think that the practical recommendations of the Coroner's jury who investigated the case have much sense or weight, it is impossible not to agree with them in their opinion that Mr. HORACE JOHNSON was drowned because too many people got into one punt. It is a peculiarly painful part of a sad and shocking story that the poor fellow who thus met with his death was simply overlooked by his companions in danger as well as by the spectators on shore. Mr. JOHNSON was not missed until a Fellow of his College, St. John's, heard on arriving there that he had not returned. Three hours afterwards his body was found, as the result of dragging the river. Every Oxford man, and anybody who has been at Oxford during the time of the Torpids or of the Eights, can easily imagine what happened. There was a crowd waiting to be taken across from the towpath to the St. John's barge, and as soon as the punt had disgorged the Warden of Merton with a lady, it was filled to overflowing by "those noblest of their species, called emphatically men." Mr. BALL, of St. John's, describes in a very few words the terribly simple catastrophe. "The punt," he said before the Coroner, "the punt was pushed off, and there being a crowd "at the stern end, directly it was free of the path it began to "ship water, and after going two or three yards sank and "turned bottom upwards." Of course it is extremely foolish for people to risk their lives in this way without any reason whatever. But undergraduates are not the most cautious of mankind, and a mob is more reckless than the most reckless member of it. Nobody in such circumstances wants to be left behind, and everybody assumes that his few stone can make no decisive difference. It is only wonderful that such occurrences are not more frequent, especially as scores of men at the Universities are unable to swim. Mr. BALL explains that, as the stern of the punt was aground, and as the thickest part of the throng was at the stern, it was difficult to realize the overcrowding until the punt had started, and then it was too late. According to Mr. BALL, if we correctly understand the summary of his evidence in the newspapers, it was not mere overcrowding which made the punt capsize, but also the unequal distribution of the passengers between one end of the punt and the other. It is satisfactory to know that the calamity was not caused by "larking," or any form of the excusable but dangerous folly which is not uncommon on such occasions. On the contrary, every one behaved as well as possible; and if Mr. JOHNSON'S existence had not escaped notice he would undoubtedly have been rescued.

The jury recommended that every college should have its own punt, and that there should be a path from Folly Bridge to the barges across Trill Mill Stream. But the smallest college would be capable of overcrowding a punt, and the access to Christ Church Meadows from the Berkshire side of the river ought to be facilitated at a point some distance below Folly Bridge. What seems to be wanted is another bridge, which might be light and simple in construction, from the towpath on the Berkshire to the barges on the Oxfordshire side, somewhere near the mouth of the Cherwell. Civil engineering must be unworthy of its boasts if it cannot construct one that shall interfere neither with the boats nor the beauty of the river. "WILLIAM TALBOYS, University waterman," indeed, believes "that a simple rule to prevent such accidents would be to "prohibit more than a certain number from getting into "the punts." The rule is simple enough, no doubt; but we should be glad to know how the University waterman, or anybody else, proposes to enforce it. On ordinary occasions, when some discipline might be exercised, there would be no need for such a regulation at all. But

when the boatraces in the Spring or the Summer Term collect crowds and generate excitement, who is to count the men as they enter the punt, and say, "The punt is "full; no one else must get in"? Who would pay any attention to such an order? It is the whole system of punting which is dangerous, at least in periods of enthusiasm, and which therefore ought to be abolished. When this unfortunate punt began to sink last Saturday, the conduct of the undergraduates and graduates was unexceptionable. Mr. BALL himself swam out and brought a man to shore. The Captain of the Merton Boat Club took a header as soon as he saw that the crew were too heavy for the ship, and he added in his evidence that "several people who were in "the punt were pulled out of the water by persons who "had swum ashore and returned on becoming aware of the "danger." Poor JOHNSON, who had a weak heart, and apparently could not swim, was last seen clinging to the side of the punt. Swimming, which is well taught at many schools, is very much neglected at the Universities. The accomplishment is one which certainly deserves to be encouraged, both for the sake of the swimmer himself and of others whose lives he might endanger by his incapacity. It would be impossible to carry out at Oxford or Cambridge the rule which has worked so admirably at Eton, and insist upon every one who boats having a certificate that he can swim. Besides, scores of men go to see the races who do not regularly "boat" at all. But, however this may be, the punts should be promptly swept away, and a new bridge substituted for them.

#### M. TISZA'S UNPOPULARITY.

IT was practically certain that the agitation in Hungary against M. TISZA, which was very creditably suspended in the first blush of the excitement caused by the Archduke RUDOLPH'S melancholy death, would revive when that excitement had a little diminished; nor has the certainty proved, as certainties in politics sometimes do, a delusion. Very large, very orderly, and not very insignificant, demonstrations were held against M. TISZA on Sunday last, and it is supposed that the Hungarian Premier will have to "strengthen his Ministry." Strengthening Ministries is not exactly an encouraging proceeding, for in order to do it you must first admit that the Ministry is weak. Hungary, however, though a comparatively small country, has for many years had, and justly, so large an influence in the counsels of Europe that any serious change in her Government must be regarded with not a little interest and even anxiety. She has shown, in marked contrast to her analogues Poland and Ireland, that she knows how to rule herself; and she has been justly rewarded by a large share in the ruling of others.

Common sense and cynical criticism will, of course, see an ample explanation of the excitement (whereof the Army Bill is certainly a mere occasion, not a cause) in the simple fact that Hungary has been governed by M. TISZA for more than fourteen years. If that is not quite so long as the time during which Prince BISMARCK has practically governed Germany, it must be remembered that the PRINCE has, in consequence of HOHENZOLLERN traditions, never been exactly a Prime Minister. On the other hand, it is between twice and thrice as long as the average recent tenure, till 1885, of Prime Ministers in England for the last twenty years, and it would "see" about a dozen French Ministries during the same period. The impulse to decide that "it is time some other citizen had his turn" is not limited to the French jury or judges who so decided, in face of unbroken and undisputed title-deeds for the best part of a millennium. But there is more than this simple and straightforward consideration to be considered. Hungary is a very aristocratic country; and M. TISZA is a *roturier*. She is a rather excitable country; and M. TISZA is a cool, hard-headed man of business. She is something of a Catholic country; and M. TISZA is a Protestant. She is given to ejaculating "Eljen!" and similar things; and M. TISZA can only make a very ordinary speech. It is by no means the first time that a combination of apparently unpopular qualities like this has seated a man in power when, if he had had only one of them, he would have had no chance. But the seat in such cases is never quite secure. *Exceptis excipiendis* (and those not a few), M. TISZA may be described as a PALMERSTON without PALMERSTON'S claims of family and with less popular gifts. Yet PALMERSTON, for all his additional advantages, never

with us attained an absolutely secure tenure of power till he had lived down all his rivals. Now M. TISZA has formidable opponents. The chief of them, Count ALBERT APPONYI, is a man of great eloquence, ability, and patriotism. He is rather what the French call *remuant*; and there is just now a panic terror in Austria against any one who has this quality. Like many pretenders, Count APPONYI declares stoutly that he only wishes, as far as foreign politics go, to be M. TISZA, and, more also, without M. TISZA's drawbacks—the drawbacks of favouritism, "misgovernment," corruption, and the rest, which are always charged against tenants of power for Walpolian or Pittite terms. It is a pretty quarrel, and Europe is by no means uninterested in it. Undoubtedly, at not a few crises during the last fourteen years, a somewhat more definite self-assertion on the part of Austria-Hungary might have been good. Unluckily, it is also certain that on the same occasions such assertion might have caused a European war. Should we have been better or worse off? At any rate, no question need be asked as to what would have happened if Hungary, taking a still less prominent part on the European—that is to say, the anti-Russian—side than she has done, had allowed the Empire-Kingdom to become an isolated nonentity. Whatever M. TISZA has done or not done, he has prevented that.

#### THE NEWSPAPERS.

A LITTLE paragraph which has just gone the round of the press tells us of the enormous multiplication of newspapers in these kingdoms. Going back to the year 1846, the statistician discovers that since that time their number has nearly quadrupled; while as for the daily papers, each with its three hundred publications per annum, there are now one hundred and seventy-four of them; whereas forty-three years ago their number was fourteen. These figures would be all the more striking if the later rate of increase had been noted, and if comparison had been made of the number of sheets issued from the newspaper press now and thirty years since. For this enlightened generation has not only four times as many newspapers as its groping predecessor, and twelve times as many daily prints, but the rate of circulation has risen prodigiously. They count by hundreds of thousands who used to count by tens. It may be safely estimated that in London the evening papers print no fewer than a quarter of a million of copies every day, whereas thirty years ago they did not issue ten thousand altogether; while of the morning journals there are two that boast of printing more than half a million copies between them for the day's supply.

These numbers testify to a vastly increased demand for the news of the day, an enormously increasing appetite for the discussion of public affairs, and unlimited activity in satisfying both. But whether the supply is a wholesome one is another matter, and a very important one. Since we are all so much better informed than our forefathers, and so much wiser in affairs political and social, a nobler supply as well as a more abundant one might have been expected. Or if the demand was too urgent to be answered at once by a uniformly better article, what we might reasonably look for is improvement as time goes on; especially as the standard of education amongst newspaper-readers must be supposed to rise constantly and in appreciable measure. But what are the facts? Is the newspaper press of this country more respectable for taste, temper, and intelligence than it was twenty or five-and-twenty years ago? Or if the newer journals rise to no distinction for these qualities, do they shine as before in the older sheets? And at this moment is the general tendency upward or downward? With the best will in the world to speak well of modern journalism, it is impossible to answer any one of these questions affirmatively. No doubt there are many newspapers of a comparatively good kind where there were none a generation ago; and all supply a greater abundance of news than was ever got together before. Here and there, too, the older journals have taken a better tone; but others are sinking in character, and the most remarkable thing about the newspaper press as a whole is the reintroduction of some of the worst vices that disgraced it in bygone times, and its infection by new ones. So far from improving, it has deteriorated grossly; and a few examples to the contrary do not alter the fact that it is still going down.

It is not that the newspaper press is less clever than it used to be. Though what was known as "weighty"

writing has almost disappeared from the daily news-sheet, of cleverness there is plenty. But, for the most part, it is a shallow, flippant, flibbertigibbet sort of cleverness, vicious in its inspiration, vulgar in its methods, and incalculably mischievous in its effects on the public mind. In a brief article like this it is impossible to show at length how true these accusations are; but demonstration is needless. It is not necessary to search the nooks and corners of provincial journalism for proof. The London newspapers alone furnish evidence enough, especially as they often supply samples of the spirit in which the provincial journals are carried on. Columns of illustration and commentary would be exhausted in showing the depravation of taste which seems to be the business of the newest lights in journalism, and which must certainly be the consequence of their ingenious labours; and that alone is no small matter. It is a truly abominable thing to feed the tens of thousands of minds newly-born to reading and reflection, in these School Board days, with the trashy verbiage, the vixenish tattle, the foul meats peppered with innuendo, to which they are treated in the most widely-circulated journalism of the time; and yet more abominable it is because the purveyors of this garbage know as well what they are about as the sausage-maker who resorts for his material to the knacker's yard, and acknowledge to themselves the sausage-maker's only excuse. But we have to complain of worse work than the depravation of taste. That business is accompanied by another: the practice and inculcation of slander in dealing with public men; the perversion of truth for party ends; the subversion of respect for law; the degradation of the ministers of law—all being done without disguise and taught without concealment as the right thing in a free and enlightened community. Offences like these may not have been unknown when newspapers were few, but now they are common; they are becoming more frequent and more audacious every day; and that not only in the newer or the more obscure publications of modern journalism, but in sheets that have long claimed rank with the highest. If we look into the newspapers of the last week alone for illustrations of the change, we shall find dozens of the most convincing character. Mr. O'BRIEN's trial and the proceedings before the PARNELL Commission have supplied the offenders with fresh employment, and they have not neglected the occasion. Mendacious suggestion was never carried to greater length, nor defiance of common knowledge and common sense, than in the way in which the O'BRIEN episode has been dealt with by the more popular newspapers of the Gladstonian party. The most important of them all, and the one that plumes itself on being the most lofty and "responsible," told its readers on Wednesday that Mr. O'BRIEN had been subjected to "ignominious and brutal torture;" adding that "if Mr. BALFOUR was bent on taking Mr. O'BRIEN's life, or so "crippling Mr. O'BRIEN's energies that they should no longer be available for Ireland or for England, he would "be going the right way to work." Another newspaper, not less clever in a general way, but nearer the other end of the journalistic hierarchy, boldly made a grievance of the fact that Mr. O'BRIEN was not sentenced to hard labour as well as to imprisonment! "With a deliberate aggravation "of the cruelty which is driving Ireland on to crime, the "base hireling who sentenced Mr. O'BRIEN made it a "special favour that he was not to be sentenced to hard "labour. Does not this man know that the worst and "most dreaded form of punishment known to the felons to "whose level Mr. O'BRIEN is degraded is that of confinement "without labour?" This appeared in a newspaper which sells by tens of thousands in London; and the atrocious insinuation of the one writer and the grotesquely audacious complaints of the other are abundantly echoed and imitated. The proceedings before the Special Commission have been reported with a similar hardihood, in the new way. The new way is to write a summary of the evidence into which is imported every kind of suggestion, every sort of innuendo, that can be invented to damage belief in the evidence of one set of witnesses. What does A look like, who was examined on Saturday? Truth compels the reporter to say that a more hang-dog countenance was never seen. B? Evidently a dolt; a poor creature whose every lineament bespeaks the credulity that lends itself to imposture. D?—he who was reduced to mince-meat by trenchant Sir CHARLES amidst the laughter of the whole Court! All the reporter need say is that if you are on the look-out for a forger, take a glance at this gentleman's wonderfully supple fingers. With portraits and particularities of such a kind the summary is studded



from end to end. And this is dealing faithfully with justice. So works the journalistic guardian of truth, the censor of public morals, in a company of like-minded "publicists" so numerous and respectable that he is neither ashamed nor afraid.

#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE letter of the Dean of WESTMINSTER on the projected Monumental Chapel to be erected in connexion with Westminster Abbey illustrates some of the difficulties that beset a question of the highest public interest. The available space, for purposes of commemoration, is well-nigh exhausted; and the time is probably not far distant when the Abbey can no longer be open for sepulture. The necessity for some scheme of extension has long been felt, but the question can hardly be approached from any point of view without encountering the gravest obstacles. Plans are framed and subjected, yet of all it may be said that they suggest grave and even insuperable objections. The impeccable scheme, indeed, is not, and perhaps it never can be. To some of these plans the DEAN incidentally referred in his letter. There was the proposed addition of a cloister on the north side of the nave. This was objectionable, as Dean BRADLEY says, because of the damp and sunless aspect. It would, moreover, have proved altogether inadequate in space, and at the same time would have spoiled the only view of the Abbey that can now be described as fairly unimpeded. Another plan once contemplated extended to the whole length of Abingdon Street. Less extensive is the latest scheme set forth by "A Bill to provide for the erection and maintenance of a Monumental Chapel in connexion with Westminster Abbey, and the taking of lands for the purpose thereof and for other purposes." By this plan it is proposed that certain houses in the vicinity of Poets' Corner should be removed at public cost and a space cleared for the new Chapel. Through a "vestibule," by way of the Chapter House, it is planned that the Abbey and the Chapel should be connected. And, finally, the new building is not to be a mere "receptacle" for monuments, but, as the DEAN observes, a part of the Abbey. Here, in this last feature of the scheme, we have to face one of the chief difficulties of the subject. The structural problem is not one that concerns architects only. It is obvious that the "connexion" between the Abbey and the Monumental Chapel has a wider significance. Purists who regard WREN's additions with abhorrence, and consider even King Henry VII.'s Chapel as an excrescence, rendered tolerable by the softening influences of centuries, will, of course, oppose the erection of any sort of building in the precincts of the Abbey, whether it be subsidiary or independent. They might in the first instance advocate utilizing to the utmost the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, or, oblivious of the force of association, urge the selection of a site elsewhere. And there would be some value in the contention that the Abbey should be left as it is, if a "receptacle" for iconic sculpture were all that is needed. But such a view of the question ignores the very core of it. There must be some real and intimate connexion between the new Chapel and the Abbey. Whether it be of a structural nature or not, it must be local, and the more perfect the assimilation the better. The historical continuity that is so eloquent a characteristic of the existing memorials in the Abbey must be perpetuated in the future. The fact, not less than the sentiment, of nationality must be preserved.

A question of extreme interest is suggested by the DEAN's remarks on the plan of the proposed Chapel. He objects to its extent, which is equivalent, he estimates, to the whole "western limb of the existing church." Its elevation, again, would injuriously affect the exterior of the Abbey; though Dr. BRADLEY somewhat weakens the force of his objection when he says that "the scale of the proposed building" is a "matter of detail." From any point of view it is detail of the first importance. It would be folly to provide for accommodation in the future, except it be done in a generous spirit. An adequate provision must necessarily mean a large area. It is clearly desirable that any further interference with the Abbey should be postponed to the utmost possible period in the future. And it is not less desirable, judging from the experience of recent years, that the new building should "give ample room and verge enough." Dean STANLEY was

decidedly not illiberal with respect to the monuments he sanctioned, and it is exceedingly unlikely that his successors will do less than follow his example. What is meant by a wise discrimination in such matters is capable of elastic definition. On the whole, perhaps it is better to err through excess of caution than through an amiable tendency to please all and sundry. Unequal are the sculptural honours accorded to the great in the Abbey. All sorts and conditions of eminence are commemorated, and in ways more or less appropriate and beautiful. There are windows contributed by Americans to the memory of English worthies, and in the bust of LONGFELLOW the interchange of courtesy is complete. The tombs and monuments are, indeed, an inheritance it were well to have continually in view when providing for the extension of the record. The mere names cited by Dean BRADLEY comprehend the acquisitions and achievements of centuries of national life. Comprehensive is the field of poetry suggested by Poets' Corner, in passing from the tomb of CHAUCER—"poet CHAUCER," the label calls him, as if he were of the school of poet CLOSE—to the monument of WORDSWORTH. It will not be easy to establish a continuity of this kind in the new Monumental Chapel within many centuries, but it ought to be possible to make the connexion with the past completely flawless. The suggestion that no name shall be commemorated until after a reasonable lapse of years is, perhaps, worthy of consideration, as a safeguard against a too promiscuous award of monumental honours. And this is but one more problem arising from the very complex theme of the DEAN's letter.

#### THE EXHIBITION MINISTRY.

THE Parliamentary Republic in France has reached the very lees of the liquor which was tapped when Marshal McMAHON made his historical failure. Since the overthrow of M. FLOQUET's Ministry last week, what has been going on has been simply a welter, and could be nothing else. A Chamber so divided that no stable majority can be formed out of it; consisting, to the extent of at least a third of its number and more than a third of its brains, of avowed enemies of the established form of government; over it a Senate which has no effective influence, and is generally believed to be about to disappear; over them both, again, a President who is the nominee of the Chamber; and around all of them a nation which regards them with almost unanimous indifference or contempt—these are the elements of the situation. Out of such materials what can come but impotent deadlock? The disapproval of M. CARNOT expressed in some quarters, the appeals to him to save the State by looking to the spirit of the Constitution, and, indeed, the whole talk about the Constitution in France, are equally futile. M. CARNOT must know that he is merely the nominee of the Chamber, and has no power except through it. Every argument which can be used to induce him to act for himself might equally have been used to justify M. GRÉVY in refusing to resign. Yet the Chamber compelled him to resign, and M. CARNOT profited by his surrender, thereby showing that the Constitution by virtue of which they themselves are supposed to exist is so much waste paper. No doubt, if M. CARNOT were a strong man, and conscious of support in the country, he might stand his ground, and having stooped to pick up the keys might hold them tight. But M. CARNOT was chosen President just because he is not a strong man, and he must know that outside of the Chamber he has no support whatever. If he acts for himself he becomes simply the rival of General BOULANGER. He might, it is true, without illegality, use his influence to bring on a speedy dissolution; but, if he did so, and could persuade the Senate to help him (which it is by no means certain that he could do), he would only alter the time and manner of his inevitable disappearance from office. He might, it is true, be doing the best and wisest thing for France; but we do not know what there is to lead us to think it likely that the average French Parliament-man (and that is what M. CARNOT is) will either see or do the best and wisest thing.

It really did not matter whether M. MÉLINE formed a Ministry with M. ROUVIER, or M. DE FREYCINET, or both or neither of them. It is of no consequence that M. TIRARD has consented to act as "tulchan" Premier for M. DE FREYCINET. What we have before us at this moment in France is the collapse of a Government—the most shameful collapse. That things should have reached this stage proves

that there is in the country an absolute want of any political faculty whatever. Though lesson after lesson has been given them within the last year, though it might have been thought that what happened in Paris at the beginning of this month would have driven some appreciation of fact into the heads of the deputies, they are not a whit wiser than they were when the Chamber began its existence. The Radicals have informed all the world that they will upset any Cabinet which dares to act independently of them. The "Moderates" are as timid as ever. The Reactionaries are as resolute as ever to discredit the Republic. All parties, too, in the Chamber or out of it, have alike one thing in common. No matter what the name of their leader may be—whether it be BOULANGER, or CLÉMENTEAU, or FLOQUET, or FERRY, or FREYCINET—there is nothing in the utterances of any of them to show that they are acting on any definite, intelligible set of political principles. The vagueness of his creed has been a common reproach against General BOULANGER; but it might be brought with equal truth against M. CLÉMENTEAU, or M. FLOQUET, or even M. FERRY, though he at least has shown administrative strength. They have none of them anything to offer but words, and ever more words, pompous platitude and empty declamation. The General has it in his favour that he is newer and more showy than the others, and has not yet been proved a windbag by failure in power. What can come out of it all except welter, and at the end the supremacy (temporary supremacy) of some adventurer? The Chamber may cling to house and salary for a brief space, the deputies may enjoy their travelling passes over the Exhibition season, but at the end must come the clean sweep, and then the unknown. It matters very little whether the gentleman who wriggled to the top just at the end as Premier, or even as President, is M. DE FREYCINET or another.

#### BETTERING INSTRUCTION.

WE do not know whether we ought to congratulate the more reputable Gladstonian papers, and even some who have little reputation to lose, on their silence at first, and their hesitating remarks afterwards, in regard to Mr. HEALY's behaviour at Tralee on Monday. It is well to have a sense of shame; but a sense of shame which does not lead to repentance and amendment of life is, from other points of view besides the theological, a rather vain virtue. Mr. HEALY's conduct is probably known to most readers. Having made to the Court the mild request that it should acknowledge itself prejudiced and incompetent, because Mr. O'BRIEN's paper had attacked one of its members, and being unsuccessful, Mr. HEALY proceeded to revenge himself by calling Colonel TURNER "TURNER" several times. At this the magistrate very properly interfered, and requested Mr. HEALY to speak of one of HER MAJESTY's servants by his proper designation. Having politely replied that Colonel TURNER was not a colonel, Mr. HEALY, with equal politeness, more elegance, and most logic, proceeded to remark that the Colonel was, in any case, "a sneak." Fortunately, Mr. CECIL ROCHE is not a person to be trifled with, and he at once insisted that Mr. HEALY should withdraw either the offensive epithet or himself. On the learned counsel's refusal, one of those scenes followed of which we suppose Mr. MORLEY would say, as he has said of others, that he would not imitate the actors, but will defend their action. Mr. HEALY, resisting the magistrate's orders, was dragged out of court across the martyr O'BRIEN's legs, now clothed, the martyr himself ostentatiously keeping these legs in the way of the officers. Then, Mr. HEALY being removed, Mr. O'BRIEN had, of course, his grievance ready. He declared that he had been deprived of his counsel, that he would take no further part in what he regarded as "a loathsome farce"—a not unjust, though florid, description of his own and his counsel's conduct—and that he would not "purchase Heaven" by consenting to obtain further legal assistance. Those famous, but irreverent, men our fathers who were before us would probably have remarked in their merry brutal fashion on Mr. O'BRIEN's apparent suspicion that admittance to the place he mentions would, for him, very much turn on the skill of his advocate.

In a way we can find little fault with Mr. HEALY and Mr. O'BRIEN for this further development of "loathsome farce," which Mr. O'BRIEN duly kept up next day. They have found the earlier exhibitions (a useful list of which on

the part of Mr. HEALY and others has been drawn up by LEX in the *Times*) pay, and they naturally repeat the display with a hundred thousand additional lamps. Besides, we are ourselves unable, after considering the matter carefully from many different points of view, to put Mr. HEALY's conduct in informing Colonel TURNER that he is a sneak, and not a colonel, in any very different category from Mr. O'BRIEN's conduct in squealing and scratching his way into infirmity comforts, or from his appeal to the majesty of the English democracy against the indignity of travelling second class. All the minor lights and leaders of the Gladstonian party, with Mr. MORLEY at their head, and even Mr. GLADSTONE in no dim or distant fashion by his letters, have decided that, when a champion of Home Rule behaves like a very naughty child, the behaviour is, in some inscrutable way, a sign that Home Rule ought to be granted. Mr. HEALY and Mr. O'BRIEN have taken them at their word, and have gone on behaving like very naughty children. This being so, it is perhaps a little hard that the recognition of their latest behaviour has been so tardy and grudging on the part of their own party. Or is Mr. O'BRIEN alone to be allowed to earn the crown of martyrdom by the manners of a street scold or a badly-brought-up boy? If it be so, it seems to us, we repeat, a little hard on his followers. That Mr. HEALY, having no case, should have proceeded to abuse the magistrate and an absent officer of the Crown is perhaps natural enough; but the mere naturalness of it ought not to deprive him of the prompt gratitude of the Committee of National Protest. We shall look forward anxiously for the approval by Lord SPENCER, Mr. MORLEY, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN of the application of the term "sneak" to Colonel TURNER. Their approval will be highly edifying; their refusal to approve would be grossly unfair.

#### IN THE WRONG CHAIR.

WHEN, immediately after his election to the Chairmanship of the London County Council, Lord ROSEBURY declared with such engaging candour his conviction of his thorough unfitness for the post, his electors probably looked upon the protestation as a mere conventionalism, appropriate to the occasion, if a little overdone. Possibly, however, they may already have begun to doubt whether it had not a more serious meaning. Some of them may have said to themselves on assembling for their first meeting after their Chairman's appointment:—"Perhaps Lord ROSEBURY really does despair of being able to discharge his new duties to his own satisfaction, and even despairs so profoundly that he cannot muster up courage to face his Council at all. And see, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who occupies the Chair, is about to read a letter. Doubtless it announces Lord ROSEBURY's resignation." What it did announce, however, was not Lord ROSEBURY's resignation, but the fact that "some months ago, before I became even a candidate for the Council, I agreed to take the Chair at the annual meeting of the Scottish Liberal Association." Wherefore, although there is only one Chairman of the County Council, while there are a dozen other persons whom Lord ROSEBURY could have asked to take his place at Edinburgh, and to the substitution of whom for himself he could without the slightest doubt or difficulty have obtained the assent of the Scottish Liberal Association, under the very peculiar circumstances of the case, yet the Council were apparently expected to receive—as, indeed, so far as outward behaviour went, they did dutifully receive—the excuse as sufficient.

The general public, wondering respectfully at the demeanour of both parties, will, no doubt, have turned to the report of the proceedings at Edinburgh on Tuesday in quest of something important enough to justify Lord ROSEBURY's preference of his Scotch to his English engagement. But, if so, their search will have been disappointed. Beyond the reading of a letter from Mr. GLADSTONE containing an admirably characteristic *suggestio falsi*—which can hardly be considered an event, even if it attains to the dignity of an incident—and thereby compelling Mr. BALFOUR to slay again the already slaughtered falsehood as to the ground of Mr. O'BRIEN's conviction, nothing happened in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange to reconcile, we should think, even the staunchest Gladstonian in the Guildhall Common Council Chamber to Lord ROSEBURY's absence from the latter place of meeting. Of course Lord ROSEBURY made a speech at



Edinburgh—he went there to do that—and of course the speech ran to the regulation four-column length which the occasion required. But, with all our respect for the speaker—and his peculiar qualities shine out much too conspicuously amid the dull truculence and clumsy calumny which constitute the staple of Gladstonian oratory for us to undervalue them—we cannot honestly say that his speech of last Tuesday was worth a journey of four hundred miles to deliver. No malcontent County Councillor can possibly have been persuaded by reading it that the Edinburgh Liberal Association gained more than the London County Council lost. If Lord ROSEBERY had been as lively as he sometimes is; if he had done anything to sustain his character as the only member of his party whose humour possesses the not undesirable property of exciting mirth—it would have been different. The Gladstonians want amusing—Heaven knows!—especially in Scotland; and, if the only Gladstonian orator who can amuse them had been engaged in that beneficial work, it would have been cruel to grudge them their “nicht wi’ ROSEBERY.” But, as a matter of fact, the jokes—or, at any rate, the laughs, which is the important point—were much fewer and further between than usual the other night; they were made—the jokes, that is—or appeared to be made, with something of that “deeficulty” which is recorded in a too familiar story; and the intervals between the jokes were filled up with a sort of stuff which any hack Gladstonian can supply to order in any amount and of just as good quality as that provided by Lord ROSEBERY. All the nonsense, for instance, about the persecution of the patriots—the ridiculous comparison between the Covenanters and the Campaigners (where, by the way, is the new *vates sacer* who shall relate O’BRIEN’s glorious struggles for his small-clothes, as SCOTT has described MACBRIAR’s heroic constancy before the Council?), the hackneyed denunciation of Ulster for its unwillingness to be handed over by Mr. GLADSTONE to the brigands, so styled in effect by himself, who have just admitted him to membership of the Camorra—all this, we say, could have been done by scores of Lord ROSEBERY’s fellow-Gladstonians, just as well as, or even better than, by himself. There was no field, or at any rate he found no employment, for his peculiar qualities as an orator at Edinburgh, while, on the other hand, there was plenty of room for his gifts as a president and moderator of debate in London. His friends will agree with his impartial critics that he was in the wrong chair.

#### WHITE MANNERS FOR BLACK MEN.

THE kindly efforts of our countrymen in India to admit to some measure of social equality with themselves an infinitesimal proportion of the natives of India, besides being creditable to their good-nature, have the incidental advantage of bringing into a clearer light the fact that differences of race and colour are far more than skin deep. Out of pure solicitude for such “Indian gentlemen” as wish to depart from the traditions of their origin sufficiently to go out to dinner and the like with Europeans, Mr. W. T. WEBB has published a little manual (Calcutta: THACKER, SPINK, & Co., 1888) designed to inform these exceptional and erratically produced persons how they ought to behave. The rules of conduct which it lays down are, for the most part, so correct that English gentlemen will derive little or no direct benefit from its study, but indirectly it will be found to convey instruction as to the nature of GHOSHES, GHOSHES, DADABHAIS, and the “native Congress” kind of person generally, which could hardly fail to be of use to some of our domestic politicians.

The opening chapter treats of “General Rules of Behaviour, Dress, &c.,” and it begins with these words:—“1. To chew anything (such as *pan* or *betel*) in English society is not considered polite. Learn, therefore, to abstain from the practice when you are in the company of “European gentlemen and ladies.” The rule is further expounded in a corollary, which it is not necessary to reproduce. Rule No. 2 is more or less like unto it:—“Do not (if you can help it) expectorate . . . in public”; but rather, should such a misfortune be inevitable, “retire to some private place for the purpose.” This rule also is developed by precepts, doubtless valuable to those for whose benefit it has been drawn up, but not suitable to the purposes of the British commentator. It concludes with the unexceptionable advice:—“When you mix in European society never be unprovided with a pocket-handkerchief.”

In the fourth rule the Indian gentleman is warned to “avoid making your toilet in public”; and advised, “when you are in society remember that it is impolite to “whisper, hum, or whistle, or to break out into loud roars of laughter.” So far it will be admitted that the most casual or even disorderly person would confess that the restraints proposed to be placed on the personal habits of the cultured Hindoo were such as are cheerfully submitted to by persons of good breeding and of either sex in this country, and in this respect the first chapter is eminently characteristic of the entire volume. But in one instance Mr. WEBB develops a purism too pleasing to be passed over. He lays down a general rule that there are some words not commonly used and some things not commonly mentioned “in polite society,” and its value will be universally conceded. But the example he gives is remarkable. “An English gentleman would not, for instance, talk “about a ‘pain in his stomach,’ or use the word *stomach* “at all (in reference to himself or his friends) in ordinary conversation or correspondence, unless he were communicating with his doctor.” A footnote, besides denouncing a synonym as “worse still,” suggests, in the most modest type, that the proper word—“if necessity arises”—is abdomen. While Mr. WEBB was about it, he might surely have told Indian gentlemen how that trisyllable ought to be pronounced. They cannot tell by the light of nature; and, unless the knowledge of prosody is far more nearly universal among English gentlemen in India than at home, there may be some difficulty in solving the problem in any other way. Much other advice does Mr. WEBB offer to Indian gentlemen, and practically all of it excellent:—“Do not be too ready to indulge your curiosity. Thus it is very impolite to make any attempt to “look over the shoulder of any one who is reading or “writing anything, as a book or a letter, without his “permission.” Could there be a wiser counsel? Or take this specimen:—“Avoid writing begging letters.” Or this:—“Do not, therefore, write a letter to a stranger, “begging him to defray the expenses of your education.” Again, the Indian gentleman is recommended when he calls upon an Englishman not to “question him, “for instance, about his age, or the amount of his salary, “or private, domestic, or official matters.” Similarly, “if “you are presented with a watch, do not ask the giver how “much it cost.” “Never smack your lips” cannot be called bad advice to a person about to be entertained at a dinner-party; and “Do not attempt to contravene the “rules and regulations or bylaws of the railway line upon “which you travel” is objectionable less on account of its intrinsic demerit than by reason of its likeness to the sort of *annonce* dear to the heart of Gallic officialdom. “All “public brawls and contentions are a violation of the quiet “dignity and self-respect which mark the gentleman.” So they are; and, if we express no enthusiasm for the form in which the proposition is conveyed, it is only because of a sentimental preference for that devised by Sir FRANCIS CLAVERING’s footman, who said, unless we are the sport of a fickle memory, “A holtercation with a feller in the street “is never no good.”

The serious interest to Englishmen of Mr. WEBB’s handbook lies in the fact that it has been thought worth writing—and worth taking great pains over, too. It must be remembered that it is written for a very small class of persons. It is not designed for the natives of the Indian peninsula at large, or even for the population generally of any part of it. It is meant for those persons who have received a European education, and the more noisy of whom like to call themselves the “people of India,” and to clamour for representative government. They found their claims on the hypothesis that they are the same sort of people, and morally entitled to the same rights of self-government, as the ratepayers of an English county. Of course such claims can be addressed, with any hope of their receiving attention, only to artisans under the domination of a Radical Caucus, to widows and spinsters struggling to be free, or to individual persons possessing the intellectual abilities of the Marquess of Ripon. For any person in one of those classes, or anybody who has never thought about the matter at all, it should be instructive to notice that the numerically insignificant class, which raises a disturbance for itself and the dumb millions which it audaciously professes to “represent,” requires to be told in a book of etiquette that it is proper to possess a pocket-handkerchief, improper to dress and undress in public, and not strictly honourable to read other people’s private correspondence.

## AN INJUDICIOUS FRIEND.

MUCH allowance should be made for the difficulties of a little faction which has to pass itself off as a numerous and enthusiastic party. Not every ambitious member of Parliament on the watch for an opportunity of forcing himself into prominence by tripping up his leaders possesses Mr. VINCENT CRUMMES's gift of stage-management, and is able to utilize the slender resources of his company in such a way as to produce an imposing effect. It is assuredly a gift which does not belong to the ingenious member for Preston, or to the handful of followers—if that be not an exaggerated description of a force which does not nearly equal the number of the fingers on one hand—who take their cue from him. The supers who make their exit at one wing, to appear as another portion of the army at the opposite side of the stage, ought not to be too easily recognizable in their new character. The illusion of a multitude ought to be tolerably well kept up, and the audience that too easily detects the familiar expedient of deception is entitled to laugh, if not to hiss. And it is just here that Mr. HANBURY and his henchmen, if he has any, so signally fail. The disgusted Conservative who writes to the Radical newspaper protests, in the name (of course) of a "large section" of his party, against the exclusion of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL from office, is followed too soon by Mr. HANBURY himself with his discoveries of plots directed to the same unworthy object, and his denunciation of their authors. It would have been better for him to have let a few more days go by before adding his own voice—if, indeed, there be any addition in the matter—to that of the recent malcontent correspondent of the *Daily News*. The public might possibly have been a little more impressed with his spirited protest against the intrigue which is on foot to prevent Lord RANDOLPH from resuming his "proper place as leader of the House of Commons," and "the scheme which is going on to put an uncle in one House and a nephew in the other as leaders of the Conservative party," if the appearance of concert—not to say suspicion of identity—between the letter-writer and the orator had been just a little less strong.

We are far from thinking so meanly of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's intelligence as to believe that he views this highly injudicious piece of *réclame* with approval. Probably, if the truth were known, he is at this moment chafing at the officious and presumptuous folly of his self-appointed patron, and praying to be saved from at least one of the new friends who have attached themselves to him since his retirement from office. Of course it is open to Mr. HANBURY to endeavour to form a cave if he pleases. There is no minimum assigned by law to the numbers of a "party," as there is to those of a limited liability Company; and Mr. HANBURY might claim to constitute a cave in his own person. But if he does not secede altogether alone, we venture with much confidence to predict that he will take with him a very slender company indeed into his place of retreat. It will be an Adullam with mighty few Adullamites, and we shrewdly suspect with no DAVID. Lord RANDOLPH may perhaps—though, as we have said, we doubt it—be disposed to look with complacency on a movement within the party for his restoration to office; but we shall be much surprised if he associates himself with it in any open way. The Hanburys of the party may chatter as much as they please about the "proper place" of the noble member for Paddington, and vapour to their hearts' content about the strength of the demand among the Conservatives for his reinstatement in the post of Leader of the House of Commons; but Lord RANDOLPH himself is too clear-sighted to cherish any delusion of the kind. He has made one disastrous mistake already—a mistake which, we should imagine, he has never ceased to regret, but from which he has learnt a salutary lesson, and which he is not likely to repeat. He must know well by this time, at any rate, that the fault which he so rashly committed in the closing days of 1886 was one which no political party lightly forgives and which it is no easy matter to expiate. His personal views of his own fitness to lead the House of Commons or the Conservative party itself may perhaps remain unchanged; we have no doubt they do; but it is impossible that he should not have perceived that the views of other people on that subject have been very seriously modified indeed. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, during his short tenure of the leadership of the House of Commons, had displayed tenfold the amount of tact, temper, and readiness which he

actually manifested, he would find just the same difficulty as he finds at present in convincing his party that he is a politician fit to be trusted again with command. And if he understands this, as by this time he ought to understand it, he will agree with us in thinking that nothing can serve him worse than these courtly discoveries of "conspiracies" directed against him, and "family compacts" formed to his detriment by those colleagues whom he abandoned at so critical a moment in their fortunes.

## CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

IT would probably not be wise, and would certainly not be pleasing to the Canadians, for whom we wish to show every consideration, if we were to decide offhand whether Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT's motion has or has not a genuine importance. Our colonial fellow-subjects are apt to be a little touchy when we take upon ourselves to understand their affairs. Therefore we keep an open mind on the subject. In the meantime, and on the face of it, there does appear to be something worth noting in the fact that a Canadian representative has proposed, and has been supported by sixty-five other representatives in proposing, that Canada should become an independent nation. For this is what Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT's motion came to. If Canada is to have the power of negotiating treaties for herself, she will practically cease to form part of the Empire. It would follow, as a matter of course, that she might make a treaty of peace with a nation with which the mother-country was at war. No doubt, if one could look at the suggestion, as it were, from another planet, there is something to be said for Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT's idea—we mean, of course, the genuine one, which is independence, and not the absurd avowed idea, which seems to be continuance in the British Empire combined with entire freedom of action. It is an undoubted fact that Canada is subject to annoyance and threats from the Yankee lickspittles of the Irish boss, simply because she forms part of the British Empire. Fishery treaties are torn up, retaliation is threatened, and so forth, largely because England can be attacked through her. This is at times trying to Canada, and would, of course, be avoided if, as Sir RICHARD observed, she decided "to meet the issue squarely without minding what England thinks of it."

But there are other things to be considered. It might be by no means certain, to a person who looked at the prospect from another planet, that England also would not be a gainer by separation. At present the Irish boss is a vermin of some importance to us, because, in the course of the next Devil's auction held for his vote by the noble parties of the Great Republic, a national quarrel might arise between the two nations, and then we should be vulnerable through Canada. If, however, the Dominion had decided not to mind what England thought of it—why England would cease to have any reason to care what happened to Canada. Fishery treaties would irk us no more; half a million of Yankees might cross the Lakes, and what would it signify to us? Then other CLEVELANDS might truckle, and other BLAINES might bounce. If the Great Republic was spoiling for a fight, she might come out and try it on blue water, where the terms would be equal, and, as we are not likely to be at war with another NAPOLEON, there would for every *Chesapeake* be another *Shannon*. This is so clear that possibly Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT may find the inhabitants of his American Mecca by no means particularly pleased with his adoration; for, if Canada were not a part of the British Empire, what would the Mr. BUTTERWORTHS of Ohio gain by asking the House of Representatives to recommend the PRESIDENT to behave with fussy impertinence. Nothing, obviously. Their occupation would be gone, and they would find themselves under the necessity of feeding the Irish-American Boss-Baal, and nothing to give it—a horrible position—a position as of a hungry toad-eater afflicted with dumbness whenever he attempted to flatter for his dinner, and driven by the Devil to endless loquacity when his hunger compelled him to beg for something to eat. The curse would entail constant and unavoidable kicking. The BUTTERWORTHS and CARTWRIGHTS, therefore, may consider whether separation would be the greater disaster to the colony, which would lose the support of the mother-country's fleet and army, or to the mother-country, which would cease to be vulnerable by a foreign Power, which is in practical alliance with her domestic traitors. We, who do not look at the



question from another planet, and to whom the unity of the Empire is sacred, are influenced by other considerations than those of mere business. We should think separation a great misfortune, for which we should hardly be consoled by deliverance from the impertinence of CLEVELANDS, BLAINES, and BUTTERWORTHS. We see with satisfaction from the speech of Mr. FOSTER and the vote of the Dominion House of Representatives that the majority of Canadians agree with us. Still, should Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT and his like have their way, why, in that evil day, we shall still be able to console ourselves by the reflection that, for ever and for ever afterward, Fishery treaties and bounce, American and Irish-American, will be to us less than nothing. In the meantime, whether anything comes of this Canadian "liberal" movement or not, we commend it to the attention of those Separatist orators who argue in favour of Home Rule from colonial precedents. How long do they think it would be before a Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT appeared at Dublin, and where would the Mr. FOSTER and the loyal majority be to stop him? We should like to hear what Lord ROSEBURY has to say about this matter.

#### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MR. GLADSTONE'S criticisms on the policy and proceedings of Governments to which he is opposed are nothing if not original; but he has surpassed himself in the particular objection which he has taken to the Speech from the Throne. It would be pretty safe to say that, if the authors of that document had, after framing it, subscribed for a prize to be awarded to the Minister who should most closely anticipate Mr. GLADSTONE'S observations on it, the money would have had to be returned. Not the most speculative among them would have been the least likely to anticipate their adversary's actual ground of complaint. They might have imagined him denouncing it for the poverty of its programme, or for the omission of this or that measure, or the ill-advised selection of the other; they might have pictured him to themselves as animadverting on its undue brevity, or its excessive reticence, or its faults of construction; but the one observation which it would never have entered the mind of any of them to anticipate was, that in the Speech from the Throne "a longer catalogue of important measures, and I am afraid a longer catalogue of contentious measures, is promised to Parliament than has been usual even upon former occasions when not such copious warnings had been delivered by practical experience as to the danger of propounding multitudes of proposals that are not likely to become law." Such a proposition as this, so calmly and blandly propounded, is enough to take the breath away. It compels a listener to adopt at once the usual unscientific expedient for ascertaining whether he is awake, and then sends him back with his eyes well rubbed to a fresh perusal of the Speech. What that speech promises in the way of legislation is, first, that the omitted portions of the English Local Government Bill shall be taken up and dealt with—no very ambitious pledge this, at any rate—and, secondly, that the question of Local Government for Scotland shall be dealt with in the course of the Session. With this measure, and the promised Bill for establishing a Department of Agriculture, the novel portion of the Ministerial programme begins and ends. It seems incredible, but it is the simple truth, that all the rest of the long catalogue of important and contentious measures consists merely of the taking up of the "dropped stitches" of last Session—of the re-introduction of Bills with which the House is perfectly familiar, and to the principle of most of which it has already agreed. The Speech, indeed, enumerates them as "subjects which have been commended to your care in former years, but which the increasing burden of your duties has shut out from your consideration," and specifies among them the Tithes Bill, the Scotch Universities Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, and the proposal for cheapening the transfer of land and for remedying abuses in the law of limited liability. Some of these doubtless deserve to be called "important," but to which of these has Mr. GLADSTONE the courage to apply the word "contentious"? Or is there anything in the whole modest programme, taken together, which would justify the too significant expression of his "very humble and earnest hope that the Session which we begin to-day may reach its prorogation before Christmas Eve"? Far be it from us to indulge in any prediction as to the date of this event; but it is as well to say at once that, if the present Session

is—we will not say prolonged to the inordinate length of the last, but extended at all beyond its normal programme, it will not be the ambition of the Ministerial programme which is to blame.

It may be with a view to the future assertion of the contrary proposition that Mr. GLADSTONE, who is seldom perverse or eccentric in his contentions without a purpose, has taken this early opportunity of deploring the overladen state of the Ministerial ship. He may wish to be able at some now distant date, when the Government have to choose between a wholesale sacrifice of measures and an interminably long Session, to recall the fact that he had warned them many months before of the consequences of attempting too much. This, however, is to anticipate evil. For the present it may be admitted that Mr. GLADSTONE'S attitude towards the Government is one of the strictest propriety. He has commented with candour—in the antique no less than the modern sense of the word—on the earlier paragraphs of the Speech, and he has gently dissuaded his followers from anticipating the discussion on Mr. MORLEY'S Amendment by premature and desultory incursions into the subject of Irish administration. The most noteworthy of his observations on this portion of his subject was his reference to the paragraph relating to the proposed increase of our armaments. Here his criticism of the language of the Speech was eminently characteristic. He complained that there was not "an absolute equality in the measure which we deal out to ourselves and which we deal out to foreign countries"—the inequality consisting in this, that whereas we are accustomed to describe our own armaments as precautions for the protection of our shores and commerce, we are in the habit of describing those of our neighbours as "warlike preparations." Few remarks could better illustrate the "superior person's" superior habit of looking at everything through the eyes of the foreigner than this extremely *naïf* reflection. Does Mr. GLADSTONE suppose that the practice of describing one's own armaments as defensive and those of one's neighbour as menacing is confined to this country? Or does he really fail to perceive that the assumption which he seems to regard as a gratuitous piece of national Pharisaism is simply the natural, necessary, and logical postulate in which national defences have to seek their reason of existence? Unless each State assumed that the military or naval forces of its neighbour were collected for "warlike" purposes—that is to say, for actual or potential purposes of attack—it would be absurd to take those "precautions" which Mr. GLADSTONE admits to be necessary; in fact, he is anxious that they should be spoken of only in such terms as would put them in the light of precautions against dangers which have no existence. His verbal criticism, as we have said, is characteristic enough; but we are not without fear that it is something more than a mere indication in the present instance of his habitual ways of thought. It may point to an intention to resist the proposals which the Government are about to make on the subject of the national defences; and, if this should be so, there will be plenty of work for the Obstructionists, English and Irish, in the course of the coming Session.

It would be idle to attempt to forecast the length of the debate now in progress. The concentration of Parnellite eloquence upon Mr. MORLEY'S Amendment, in place of its diffusion over the whole Address, may do something to expedite matters. But, unfortunately, the Irish orator is often put on his mettle by being tied down to a particular formula—just as an accomplished dancer is stimulated to more remarkable displays of agility by fetters—and will hold forth at greater length on a narrow issue than on a broad one. It is a little ominous, too, that Mr. GLADSTONE should have endeavoured to fix the Government with primary responsibility for the provocation of any Irish debate at all; and the omens are not improved by the fact that his contention to this effect is of the very flimsiest description. The regretful tone in which Mr. GLADSTONE spoke of the challenging proposition in the Speech which left poor Mr. MORLEY no alternative but to introduce an amendment is delicious. "Am I never to come into this town without being compelled to shoot a man?" asked the gentleman in the Colorado bar-room as he slowly and sadly drew his revolver from his pocket; and it is much in this spirit that Mr. GLADSTONE finds himself dragged unwillingly into another of those controversies on the Irish policy of the Government which are so repugnant to his tastes. If the Government could only have refrained from making HER MAJESTY say that "the statutes which you have recently passed for the restoration of order and confidence in

"Ireland have already been attended with salutary results," or if—for the complaint is not quite clear—they had refrained from "assuring" HER MAJESTY in the Address that they had learnt this fact with "satisfaction" (instead, we suppose, of "humbly thanking HER MAJESTY for in-forming us," &c.), all would have been well. There would have been no amendment moved, we suppose, either from above or below the gangway—it being notoriously impossible to move any such amendment unless there is a paragraph-peg to hang it on; and, no amendment on the subject of Irish administration having been moved, that subject would have been carefully avoided by Gladstonians and Parnellites alike, to the great expedition of the course of business and to the early voting of the Address. This apparently is what Mr. GLADSTONE seriously asks us to believe. From so preposterous an attempt to fix Ministers with the responsibility for an Irish debate it would look as if Mr. GLADSTONE thought that the debate would be long and the consequent responsibility heavy.

#### STUART RELICS.

IN the third room of the King's Library of the British Museum has been arranged a sort of supplementary exhibition to the one which has proved so attractive at the New Gallery of autograph letters, medals, broadsides, books, and engravings, connected with the history of the Stuarts. It is by no means extensive, and most people would have imagined that the National Museum could have furnished a much more attractive and elaborate collection. The Print Department, for instance, cannot surely have been exhausted; for, although there are some excellent engraved portraits of various members of the Stuart family, the series is nothing like complete, and we have only two subject pictures. The portraits shown are almost all of them well known to collectors. There is one, however, which is rather curious; but it is wrongly described as being "engraved when Mary Queen of Scots was Queen of France," whereas the contemporary printed inscription under it distinctly tells us that it was engraved immediately after her execution. As a study of costume it is excellent. The Queen stands in front of what appears to be the executioner's block. Above her head are two angels floating, with emblems of martyrdom. Not very far from this is another portrait of Mary Stuart, in a very quaint and pretty costume, engraved by P. Mericeny. There are, of course, some superb engravings of portraits of Charles I. and other Stuarts, after Vandyck; but, as a whole, the collection is disappointing. On the other hand, the autographs are not only deeply interesting, but of the greatest historical value. The earliest is a letter from James II. of Scotland to Charles VII. of France, dated 1450. Close to it is a letter from James V. to his "dearest brother and cosying Henry Eighth of England," and a long letter from Queen Margaret Tudor to Cardinal Wolsey. A letter from the Dauphin of France and Mary of Scotland, signed with singular boldness by both princes, to Elizabeth, announcing the ratification of the peace between England and France, is dated Fontainebleau, 21st April, 1557. A love poem by Darnley, commencing with the line "My hope is for you to obtain," shows really beautiful handwriting. Darnley must have taken considerable time and patience in transcribing his rather silly poetry. Queen Mary Stuart's writing, as shown in many documents here, is often difficult to decipher, and seems to indicate a hand crippled with rheumatism or shaking with cold or palsy. The draft of her will is nearly illegible, and so is a quaint letter from her to "my well beloved bedfellow Bess Pierpont." The calligraphy of her secretary Nau's recently-discovered Memoirs of the captivity of the Queen at Lochleven is beautiful, and not unlike that of Catherine de Medicis, who was famous for the excellence of her Italian writing. An object of interest is a manuscript plan of the great hall at Fotheringay as arranged for the trial of the Queen of Scots in Lord Burleigh's own hand. It has for all the world the appearance of a modern stage-director's scheme for some elaborate theatrical production. Little numbered squares indicate the places where the principal personages are to stand or sit, and not a detail of the *scenario* is omitted. On the other side of the panel which contains these interesting documents is shown a letter from James I. to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, congratulating that worthy on his absence from the execution of Mary Stuart, and Robert Wise's report of the tragedy at Fotheringay, endorsed by Burleigh. It is rather a curious coincidence that Charles I.'s clear Italian handwriting should closely resemble that of his grandfather Darnley. Anne of Denmark's writing is quite masculine in its boldness; but her husband, James I.'s, irregular scrawl is of quite an opposite character. There is the certificate of baptism of Charles II., and not far from it a kindly letter of the Cardinal of York. The collection of wax impressions of the seals of the Stuarts is extensive; but unfortunately, as there is no catalogue, it is difficult to identify them. On the other hand, an amazingly large collection of books which either belonged to or in some other way concerned the Stuarts has been admirably arranged, the contents of the various volumes being synopsisized on a printed card affixed to each. One of the most curious works shown is entitled *The His-*

*tory of Mary Grey, the True Mother of the Pretended Prince of Wales.* It contains a plan of St. James's Palace as it was in the seventeenth century, and is evidently designed to show how the child, concealed in a warming-pan, was introduced into the Queen's room down a series of intricate corridors, which doubtless still exist. The garden on the Stafford House site is called "the Fryar's garden," and the Palace is described as "the Palace and Convent of St. James's." Hard by is another funny little book, entitled *The Sincere and True Confession of William Fuller*, the father of the above-mentioned Mary Grey, who, it appears, was the instigator of the scandalous transactions of his worthless daughter. Beyond the books have been arranged two immense glass cases, full of "broadsides" or leaflets such as were sold in the streets of London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, wherein were announced, sometimes poetically and sometimes otherwise, the accession of the kings, and their proclamations. We have here, amongst others, a broadside containing a full list of those who signed the death-warrant of Charles I., and which was evidently hawked about the streets much as are our newspapers. There are no caricatures shown, possibly from motives of delicacy, although, if we are not mistaken, there exists a very curious collection of them in the Museum. The Exhibition in the New Gallery, which richly merits its popularity, might perhaps have been rendered more complete than it is had the Committee been able to extend its researches. We miss, for instance, several relics of great importance and interest which were at Peterborough, among them the veil which the Queen of Scots wore at her execution, and we feel persuaded that, had Mr. Lee Warner, of Walsingham Priory, been invited to do so, he would have contributed the unique collection of relics of Charles I. which came into the possession of his family from Bishop Juxon, together with the finest portrait of Charles I. by Vandyck in existence. However, thanks to the Duke of Norfolk, here is the celebrated rosary and crucifix which Queen Mary held in her hand during her last moments, and not far from it Mr. W. J. Hay, of Duns, exhibits a silver board for backgammon, draughts, and nine men's morris, presented by Queen Mary to Mary Seyton, one of her Maies, which is so very beautiful that we commend it to the silversmiths of the day. And in the same case is the lock of golden hair which Her Majesty exhibited at Peterborough, and which is said to have been cut from the head of Mary Stuart when she first came over from France. Stonyhurst College sends numerous relics of Queen Mary Stuart and of James I. and James II. There are many rings, silver cups, and other jewels which undoubtedly were once in the possession of members of the Stuart family, and these are not only interesting from historical association, but not a few of them are of great value on account of the exquisite beauty of their design. The sword, dagger, and ring of James IV. are lent by the English College of Arms, and are nearly, if not quite, the earliest relics of the Stuarts in existence. The Duke of Portland exhibits a rosary which belonged to Henrietta Maria, and which, it is said, that Queen pawned in her poverty for 3,000*l.* The rosary in those days, however, had its value much increased by a superb diamond pendant, which it now lacks. The needlework of the Queen of Scots—if, indeed, it be all by her—exhibits not only her artistic taste, but proves her industry. We must not forget, however, that very probably every stitch of it is indeed her work; for during her eighteen years' imprisonment we know that she occupied her time almost exclusively in working tapestry and embroidery. In the first room there is a case containing a counterpane of white silk, with a beautiful pattern of red carnations with bright green leaves. It is exhibited by Lady Sykes; and, although it possibly belonged to some member of the House of Stuart, it certainly was not worked by Mary, for it is manifestly Persian. Sir Henry Bedingfield has lent two curtains, a counterpane, and a valance worked on a green velvet ground by Queen Mary and the Countess of Shrewsbury. They hang over the balcony, and the pattern is rather difficult to distinguish from below. But they are very magnificent, and were possibly executed at Tutbury Castle and South Winfield Manor House while the Scottish Queen was in the charge of George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, and her friend Countess Elizabeth, so well known as "Bess" of Hardwicke. This is altogether the most important piece of work by the Queen of Scots in existence, and usually covers the curious bedstead which once belonged to Henry VII., and which is shown in one of the rooms at Oxburgh, the moated mansion of the Bedingfields in Norfolk. The Queen sends the complete armour of Prince Henry Stuart, exquisitely ornamented with the rose, thistle, and fleur-de-lis, and the cabinet of Charles I., in which the lock of his grandmother's hair, shown in case B, was discovered. It would be impossible to touch in detail upon every article in the treasury of relics, medals, coins, manuscripts, autographs, miniatures, printed books, and jewels, with which this exhibition has been enriched through the kindness and generosity of families who have inherited them and who have guarded them as amongst their most precious treasures. No one should omit to visit the gallery which surrounds the entrance hall. Here have been arranged the manuscripts, autographs, and prints, and we might suggest that it would be well, whilst so many autographs of historical value are gathered together, that they should be carefully transcribed and printed in a volume. This collection is perhaps even richer than the one at the British Museum, and among its treasures is the letter written by Mary Queen of Scots to Henry III. of France about six hours before



her death, in which she declares that she does not fear death and protests that she is innocent of all crime. This is lent by Mr. Morrison, together with four or five other letters from the same Queen, and a fine collection of engraved portraits.

#### APCEPSYCHOSIS.

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone's countrymen generally will appreciate the compliment which he paid to this "small little island" (a former phrase of his own) in his remarks to certain Italian persons at Charing Cross on Wednesday. These Italians received the interesting information that, though Mr. Gladstone's body may be in England, his spirit is in relations with it similar to, or even less close than, those which existed in the case of the Spanish student and of Mr. John Brown of America. The Spanish student's body was in Segovia, but his soul was in Madrid. The Martyr of Ossawatimie (that was its highly respectable name so far as we remember) had a body which was mouldering in the grave, but his soul continued to belong to the Progressist party. In both these cases, however, the dissolution of body and soul involved no confusion or separation of patriotic ties. Segovia and Madrid are both in Spain; both even in the same region of Spain. The mouldering and the marching of the less worthy John Brown of song (the more worthy was the lover of little Mary Bell in Blake's immortal poem) also took place so that both body and soul could be spoken of as domiciled in the United States. But Mr. Gladstone's apcepsychosis (if we may be pedantic and coin a necessary word) involves an international, or at least a legal, difficulty. His body—the body which is good for speaking, "receiving ovations," abiding, if it may be, in Downing Street, and drawing the appointments of a Minister, or in good times a Minister and a half—is vouchsafed to pale Britannia. But the spirit of Mr. Gladstone is in the "beautiful country" of Italy. Other men, when their bodies have been in exile, have fondly turned in soul to their own land. Mr. Gladstone's case is just the reverse:—

"The sun shines bright in France,  
And fair sets he,  
But he has tint the blink he had  
In my ain cuntrye,"

says the bard in one of the most charming of ballad *pastiches*. But he was only a benighted Jacobite. The Pillar of the People's Hopes (and Sir Horace Davey's) knows better.

In some respects, perhaps, this absence of spirit, whatever may be thought of its patriotism, may be an advantage to Mr. Gladstone. He has come back (that is, his body has come back) to "receptions" at Folkestone, to "demonstrations" at Charing Cross, and to dinners with Lord Rosebery, who justly honours hospitality by finding it possible to do as host what he cannot do as Chairman of a County Council. He has observed "emphatically" that "we are on the eve of exploding a vast fabrication of iniquity"—a remark which, as it has reference to proceedings pending in Court, may seem a little like contempt, till the true bearings of the observation are noted. It will then be perceived that Mr. Gladstone has abstained from committing himself (or contempt) even more warily than in the case of the unhappy Marquis Del Riso, who seems to have forgotten the proper use of language. The words just quoted may refer to the iniquity of a conspiracy against Mr. Parnell, or to the iniquity of a conspiracy by Mr. Parnell, and the Right Honourable Captain Bunsby is entitled to the merits of their ambiguity. Mr. Gladstone (again in absence of spirit, which seems, however, to have been tolerably present in the remark just quoted) considers the East Perthshire election a "splendid result" and a "great victory." Considering that this splendid result was the succession to one of his own supporters of another supporter by a majority one hundred less than the last time that the seat was contested by a Tory, this seems to be thankfulness for small mercies. Finally, the body of Mr. Gladstone (unaccompanied by his spirit, which is an *alma sdegno* in regard to small little islands like this) arrived at Charing Cross in a state which is described as "Oh, so well!" we trust by the officious gushing of some reporter. But his spirit—we have his word for it—is far, far away, and not in the least disposed to keep company with Mr. Arnold Morley and Sir William Harcourt. It is in the country, the beautiful country, of Italy; and we tremble to think that there are persons in England so base as not improbably to make the remark that, for their part, it would not have caused them acute agony if the body had stayed there too.

However, it might be well if Mr. Gladstone would send for his spirit by a messenger (the Society for Psychical Research would doubtless lend him one), for it is very much wanted. The letter which he wrote from Cannes to Lord Rosebery's meeting at Edinburgh has been met with a very unusual countercheck quarrelsome. Mr. Balfour has given it the lie direct. Mr. Gladstone "learnt with pleasure" that "at this stage in our public affairs, and in the development of a policy of cynical brutality in Ireland, you are about to hold a meeting within the capacious walls of the Corn Exchange." The capacious walls of the Corn Exchange seem to play here rather the part of the "in Rincer's well-known style" dear to country reporters; but no matter for that, even though a subsequent encomium on the "rich provision of speakers" irresistibly suggests in the same

vein "all the delicacies of the season." Then, coming to business, Mr. Gladstone says that Mr. O'Brien and his fellows are in prison for "committing a crime which is no crime in England." "So that," goes on Mr. Gladstone, "on the trial of Mr. O'Brien, as even Mr. Balfour has not dared to deny, the prosecuting counsel for the Crown made it part of his charge that Mr. O'Brien had threatened that he would do in Ireland what the Primrose Dames do in England." That is the charge, and here is Mr. Balfour's reply under his hand in Thursday's *Times*:—"I observe that Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to which publicity has been given in this morning's papers, has used a form of words which, if it has any precise meaning whatever, would seem to imply (1) that Mr. W. O'Brien is now in gaol for recommending the Irish to do that which the Primrose Dames do in England, and (2) that this is a fact which I have not 'dared to deny.' I do not know for certain whether these are the propositions which Mr. Gladstone desired to convey to the minds of his readers. I do, however, know for certain that both are absolutely false." It will be observed that Proposition (2) is in fact stated categorically by Mr. Gladstone, while Proposition (1) is stated both in the words we have italicized and previously in these—"Irishmen are liable to the gaol for acts of exclusive dealing, or for encouraging exclusive dealing in others, which exclusive dealing is practised at will by the Tories in England." Therefore Mr. Balfour's reply is in effect what we have called it—a giving of the lie direct—and it will be curious to see how the dis-expiritured body of Mr. Gladstone will meet it.

"Silent contempt," we expect to hear, will be the form of meeting recommended to him by his friends. On the rare occasions when his language has been sufficiently divested of obscurity to admit of similar replies before, Mr. Gladstone and his followers have always been grievously shocked at the coarseness of the repartee; and there is little doubt that they will be shocked again. But it may be respectfully suggested that, as parties stand at present, this will hardly do. The disgrace lies, not upon the person who says "Liar," but on the person who undergoes the charge and cannot clear himself; and it is no clearance to say that his antagonist is a rude and vulgar person. If the use of expressions involving disgraceful charges be itself a disgrace, God help the unhappy officials in courts of justice who have to read indictments, and the more unhappy counsel who have to try to bring the charges home! We need hardly say that in this particular place we do not discuss the intrinsic truth of Mr. Gladstone's description of Mr. O'Brien's proceedings. We never heard of any Primrose Dame who suggested to people to come with blackthorns that they might be a match for the police; who recommended them not to pay their rents; or who upbraided them for selling the necessities of life or doing the offices of Christian neighbourliness to Radicals. Mr. Gladstone may have heard this. But it would not be to the point. Mr. Gladstone has said, almost as nearly as he ever says anything directly and distinctly, that Mr. O'Brien is in gaol for imitating the Primrose Dames; and he has said distinctly and directly that Mr. Balfour dares not deny this. He is met on both points with the lie direct by a responsible Minister of the Crown. He really must summon that spirit from Capua; or else plead that, as he wrote at Cannes, in foreign territory, he had not his spirit with him at the time of writing the letter.

In comparison with this, the little troubles with tenants at Hawarden are of no importance; and we own that we are rather annoyed at the tone which some Unionist prints have taken on the subject. Everything that Mr. W. H. Gladstone has done appears to us quite reasonable; and, except that his rents appear to be higher and his way of conducting things less rasping, he is in exactly the same boat with the Marquess of Clanricarde. He had tenants who would not or who could not pay, who were several years in arrear, and who were either unable or unwilling to do justice to the land. He very properly distrained upon them, which it was his absolute right to do at his judgment and pleasure. Where is the harm of that? Again, Mr. Gladstone *père* has been blamed because he does not manage his estate himself, but lives a kind of rent-charge, not "upon Providence," but upon his son and his son's trustees. Is it implied that he has done anything different from any other person in similar situations—in Ireland for instance? The implication seems to us most unjust. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. W. H. Gladstone have done with their property what the law empowered them to do, and have managed it strictly within the limits of their legal rights. That is just what Lord Clanricarde does, and Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Kenmare, and all the other Irish landlords. It is, of course, the purest accident that these latter landlords have been stinted of their powers by legislation and in the powers legally left them by public opinion; an accident also that the legislation has been carried and the public opinion directed by Mr. Gladstone. What has that got to do with the matter? Gladstonians, if they like, may argue that a man shall not do what he likes with his own, that the fact of a tenant's being in arrear of rent does not justify legal process, and so forth. Far be any such contentions from us, who are nothing if not logical. We recommend, indeed, the prompt summoning of Mr. Gladstone's spirit from its own country to the alien land of Britain that it may answer Mr. Balfour. But of that chivalry as well as logic are we that we offer ourselves as champions, against all comers, of the perfectly proper management of the Hawarden estate.

## BEES.

BEES have always been objects of interest to the human race, and have from very early times been kept in hives of greater or less simplicity according to the varying states of civilization of their owners, their products—wax and honey—having always been valued, especially the latter, which was for ages practically the only sweetener known, being used for most, if not all, of the purposes for which sugar is now in use. But, though so long and so widely known and studied, it has remained for the bee-keepers of this century to introduce what is called scientific bee-keeping—a system by which the bee-keeper's harvest, wax and honey, is obtained in the largest possible quantity and of the greatest purity, and this without the destruction of the unfortunate producers. The old world method of bee-keeping had doubtless the merit of simplicity, but was barbarous in the extreme, consisting, as it did, in allowing the insects to fill their hive, and, when this was accomplished, in placing it over a pit containing some burning abomination, generally sulphur, the fumes of which made short work of the wretched inhabitants. This system was, or we are sorry to say is—for, like all bad habits, it dies hard, and is still but too prevalent—not only barbarous, but wasteful—first, because destruction of the bees in the autumn results in an enormous waste of power, which, under the modern system, is made available in the ensuing spring; and, secondly, because the wax and honey under the old system are obtained in the worst possible condition, as the whole contents of the hive have to be cut out; and, however carefully the operation may be performed, the brood-comb—in other words, that containing young bees in all stages of growth—must be mixed with that containing the honey. In most cases, however, those bee-keepers who, not moving with the times, still use the sulphur pit are, as might be expected, careless in gathering their harvest, and, to save themselves trouble, turn out the contents of the hive *en masse*, and then, by applying pressure, squeeze out what they are pleased to call the honey—a brown mess composed, no doubt, largely of honey, but strongly impregnated, not only with “bee bread,” which is comparatively harmless, but also with much less agreeable things.

Those bee-keepers, or bee-masters, as they prefer to be called, who adopt the modern system are, we think, correct in terming it scientific, as it is the result of long study of the life history of their favourite insect—a study which, though it had been pursued for centuries, had led to little result until the time of that great father of modern bee-masters, the blind Huber. It must not be supposed, however, that Huber was the first who discarded the sulphur pit, as Evelyn, so long ago as 1654, tells us in his *Diary* that “that most obliging and universally curious Dr. Wilkins, of Wadham College,” showed him “the transparent apiaries which he had built like castles and palaces, and so ordered them one upon another as to take the honey without destroying the bees; these were adorned with a variety of dials, little statues, vanes, &c.” We may add that it is only within the last quarter of a century that, even among “bee-masters,” the “castles and palaces” have given way to the business-like frame hives now found in all well regulated apiaries. These are constructed in numberless different ways, but the principle is the same in all of them. The hive itself is a rectangular box, usually made of wood, capable, though exposed to the weather throughout the winter, of keeping its inhabitants warm and dry, and is covered with a pent-house roof which can be removed without difficulty. This box is filled with light frames which rest on bars or ledges running along its sides—in most apiaries these frames are interchangeable, the hives being all of the same width—and is the home and breeding-place of the bees, containing the whole of the brood-comb and the store of honey required to keep them through the winter. The object of the frames is to enable the bee-master to remove or examine the combs when he pleases, and it is therefore obvious that the bees must be persuaded to build straight in each frame, and not crossways from frame to frame: this object is attained by the use of “comb foundation,” as it is technically termed, a thin sheet of beeswax so pressed as exactly to resemble the commencement of comb, which is inserted in each frame. This foundation is no doubt thoroughly approved of by the bees, as the cells being begun for them they have merely to lengthen them, and that, to a very considerable extent, with the material supplied, and are thus saved an immense amount of time and labour, a fact which they are thoroughly capable of appreciating. When the bees are in full work supers are placed over the hives; these usually take the form of wooden frames called “racks” or “crates,” which contain the “sections” in which the honey is stored; these latter require no description, as comb-honey is now usually sold in them. The bees consider these supers solely as store-rooms, and the consequence is that the honey and wax deposited in them are of the purest; from them the bee-master gathers his harvest of comb-honey, removing them from time to time as the comb is filled and sealed over, and substituting others in their place. Honey in the comb is, however, by no means the whole of his harvest, as “run-honey” forms no inconsiderable part of it; this is obtained from the honey stored in the frames, and is best extracted from the comb by means of an ingenious machine known as an “Extractor,” which throws the honey out of the cells by centrifugal force.

The bee-master of the present day, unlike his predecessor, is a great believer in bringing art to the assistance of nature, and

marvellously has he succeeded in his attempts, the result being that modern hives and the appliances connected with them are as nearly perfect, one would suppose, as it is possible for human ingenuity to make them, yet year by year we hear of improvements. Bees under the modern system have in fact become domestic animals—or, we should rather say, insects—and are nearly as manageable as a flock of sheep, being even driven, when necessary, from hive to hive with as little difficulty as attends the movement of a flock of sheep from one pasture to another. Again, so amenable are they to discipline that the bee-master is able even to prevent them from swarming—a fact the importance of which will best be judged by those who have only kept bees in the old-fashioned straw hives. The result of all this civilization, if the term be allowable, is to bring bees down to the dead-level of modern everyday life and to destroy every spark of romance in connexion with them—for example, what modern bee-master would dream of confiding his secrets to his bees, or would imagine that, were a death to take place in his family, without the fact being duly announced to them, his bees would die also. We have, however, grave doubts whether so much civilization has been altogether good for the morals of the bees, as strange stories are extant of syrup, cleverly compounded, being supplied to them and by them sealed up in their comb, the same being afterwards sold as the very best natural honey.

It is impossible in this article to give even a bare outline of the economy of a hive beyond stating the fact, well known to most, that the inhabitants consist of the queen bee, the only perfect female, the workers, undeveloped females, and the drones, or male bees, though the latter can only be said to be temporary inhabitants as they are ruthlessly destroyed by the workers in the autumn. We must, however, devote a few lines to the queen bee, as she is all-important, being literally the mother of the stock. Her “province and occupation consist in laying the eggs from which originate those prodigious multitudes that people a hive.” Every bee in the community is apparently aware of this fact, and consequently treats her with due respect, even to the extent of never turning its back upon her until the hive being overcrowded and a new queen having been made a swarm is thought necessary, when all respect disappears, and, should she show the least reluctance, she is forced out to seek new quarters with other emigrants. The creation of a queen is, in our opinion, one of the greatest wonders of that most wonderful of insect communities, a hive of bees; for no sooner does the old queen die, or the members of the community become convinced that they are overcrowded, and that a swarm—in other words, emigration on a large scale, is necessary, than they begin to build one or more queen-cells, which are utterly unlike the well-known hexagonal cells in which honey is stored or the brood of either workers or drones is reared, being in shape and size not unlike an acorn. In each of these, if more than one, either a worker egg (worker and drone eggs being dissimilar, and laid in different combs), or a worker larva of not more than three days old is placed, and the larva is fed with peculiar food, called “royal pap” or “royal jelly,” with the result that in sixteen days—five days less than would be required for a worker and nine less than for a drone—a queen, or in other words a perfect female, is produced. She alone has a life extending to years, that of the workers being limited to months at the longest. The life history of the bee may be studied practically anywhere, as there are few places where these insects cannot be kept with more or less advantage to their owners. They will, incredible though it may seem, thrive even in the heart of London, as is proved by the fact that not many years ago Mr. Tegetmeier successfully lived a swarm of bees in the Strand. Some years since, about the year 1858, if we remember rightly, a fashion sprang up for introducing foreign bees into this country, their admirers claiming for them that they were not only handsomer than our common brown bee but that they were also more gentle and more industrious. The first so introduced were Italian bees, commonly known as Ligurians. They are undoubtedly handsome, and are still held in much favour. Of late years, however, several other sorts have been brought into notice, each of them having their supporters. Among these may be mentioned Cyprian, Egyptian, Syrian, Carniolan, and Minorcan, the first four of which are coloured, while the latter is black. Of these the Egyptian is the fiercest, while the Carniolan—the fashionable bee at the present time—is the quietest. The introduction of these foreigners has been of the greatest advantage to bee-masters; if in no other way, by enabling them to solve several moot points in the natural history of the honey-bee. In conclusion, bees, whether they be English or foreign, if kept in the modern intelligent fashion, are a source of endless amusement and instruction, to say nothing of profit, to their owners.

## THE LOVE STORY.

THE new drama in four acts, *The Love Story*, written by Mr. Pierre Leclercq, and performed during the week at the Vaudeville, is a very unequal production. It contains some strong situations, striking in themselves, developed not unskillfully, and endowed, also, with a certain element of freshness that is creditable to the author's invention; yet the story might well try the greenest credulity, the plot lacks coherence, the dialogue is commonplace throughout. The best that can be said



of the piece is, that it shows considerable knowledge of the tastes of the average playgoer, who loves a violent "curtain" and its frequent occurrence, and is devised with a fair amount of stagecraft, which may be more profitably employed, it is to be hoped, in Mr. Leclercq's next attempt. The plot turns on a clumsy figment which in a moment transforms the long-concealed and ardent love of a pure-minded girl into vituperation and scorn, and makes her willing to suspect her lover, on no sort of evidence that love could accept, of dishonourable conduct. Paul Falshawe, the hero, oddly described as "novelist," lives with his mother at Hampstead, and with them lives also—though wherefore none can say—Madeleine Borth, a sentimental young lady fond of novels and deeply in love with the novelist. This love is returned, though neither of this strange pair for two long years dares to show a sign of it. There is a rival, however, who brings matters to a crisis. He is a defalcating rogue of a bank manager, one Marchastle, who is on the point of violently ending his inglorious career when he learns that the fair Madeleine has suddenly inherited a fortune. He proposes to her in terms that alone merit the rejection that follows. Falshawe succeeds, and is accepted with rapture, to the accompaniment of a mother's blessing. In the meanwhile Marchastle suspects the truth, and contrives, more by good luck than cunning, to make it appear that Falshawe had intercepted the lawyer's letter to Madeleine announcing her fortune, had read it, and then proposed to her. This is brought about by the lawyer's clerk, who falsely swears he had told Falshawe of the good news, whereas the unhappy novelist had merely opened the letter by accident with others of his own, and thrust it, unread, into his pocket, meaning to deliver it when the opportunity arrived. Yet the lie of the rascally clerk and the mere production of the letter by Falshawe in the presence of everybody suffices to transform Madeleine into a fury. She believes everything at once, and accepts Marchastle on the spot. She, the sentimental *ingénue*, the constant lover of two years' adoration, becomes in a moment a hardened, embittered cynic.

After this it may seem perfectly natural that the bride and bridegroom should be driven by fate to meet the novelist on their wedding-day in the lodgings to which the heart-broken Falshawe had fled for rest in a Welsh village. Yet so it comes to pass by the chance of a railway collision. Falshawe is persuaded to abandon his rooms to the unknown travellers, and in his absence Marchastle and Madeleine have a very pretty quarrel. Already she "knows" her old lover to be true, with precisely the reckless assurance she formerly expressed as to his duplicity. Why the revelation did not arrive twelve hours before, and spoil a "strong situation," your experienced playgoer only knows. Then, with a weakness strange in so old a hand in villany, Marchastle confesses most gratuitously his deception. Falshawe returns in the height of the stormy scene, and his enemy, learning from the landlady's gossip that the police are after some one, whom he rightly conceives to be himself, slips away, and leaves his wife and rival together. In the end the villain shoots himself, in circumstances that persuade Falshawe that Madeleine has killed him, and to screen her, as he imagines, he accuses himself. It is obvious that the actress who undertakes the heroine's part is subjected to severe tests, and perhaps Miss Janet Achurch was not quite sufficiently persuasive in the heights of the dramatic action to impart actuality to the situations. Delicately rendered was the scene of the second act in which Madeleine confesses her love for Falshawe. Miss Achurch's acting here charmed by its grace and sincerity. But the part was otherwise marred by an ill-controlled emotional display which, both in tone and gesture, betrayed false accents and a jerky method. Mr. Charles Charrington, as the villain, played with a sleekness of mien that suited the part admirably; but in the outbursts of wrath provoked by Madeleine's exasperating conduct in the Welsh cottage the actor was much less effective. For the rest, Mr. Laurence Cautley was excellent as the hero; Mr. F. Thorne, as the lawyer's clerk, was diverting in his dry brisk style, and Miss Dolores Drummond proved her capacity once again as the lively widow, Mrs. Falshawe.

#### THE ARGENTINE CONVERSION LOAN.

THE Government of the Argentine Republic is very prudently taking advantage of its good credit in the London market just now to reduce the charge of its Debt. In October last it converted internal bonds into foreign, and this week it has brought out a new loan of a little over 5½ millions sterling to pay off four old loans, the aggregate outstanding amounts of which are a little under 4½ millions sterling. The old loans all bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent., and there are heavy Sinking Funds attached to them. The new loan is to bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent.; but, as the issue price is 90 per cent., the real interest payable by the Argentine Republic amounts to 5 per cent. The Argentine Government is wise in its generation, for there is every reason to believe that a period of comparatively dear money has set in all over Europe. And it may safely be assumed that the credit of that Government will not continue so good in the immediate future as it has been in the immediate past. The Argentine Government has been borrowing very largely for years past; so have the several Provinces which make up the Confederation. And so have the municipalities; while, in addition,

the debts of landowners and householders are enormous. It may be said that the indebtedness of the Provinces, the towns, and the landowners has nothing to do with the credit of the National Government. But that is not quite true. What is true is that the National Government is supreme, and that its Debt, therefore, is a first charge upon the revenues of the country. Still, the ability of the country to pay all the national charges depends not alone, nor even chiefly, upon the amount of those charges, it depends still more upon the provincial and local charges, and upon the private solvency of the individual taxpayer. Unquestionably the Argentine Republic has made very great progress for years past. There is a large immigration from Italy, Spain, and France; the area under cultivation is being rapidly extended, and the country is being opened up by means of railways. The soil, too, is fertile, and the climate is fine. Beyond all doubt, then, the country has a great future before it, if it does not too heavily mortgage that future in the present. That it is doing so we greatly fear. Specie payments being suspended, there has been a great over-issue of paper money, and the over-issue is being carried farther and farther every day under the provisions of what is known as the Free Banking Law, a law which enables every Province in the Confederation to establish a note-issuing bank of its own, on condition that gold is lodged by the Province in the national treasury for a certain time as security for the notes. One result of this over-issue of paper is that the notes have fallen to a discount of over 33 per cent.—that is to say, three paper dollars now are not quite worth two gold dollars. There has, in consequence, been an apparently great rise in prices. Of course the rise is merely nominal, being due to the fall in the purchasing power of the notes. But all the same, it appears to the population a great rise in prices, and therefore an evidence of a vast increase in wealth. The rise in prices has naturally stimulated a reckless speculation in every direction. The speculation, however, is largest in lands and houses. For, as prices are rising every day, it seems a safe and profitable thing to borrow to the utmost of each speculator's credit, and buy either land or houses with the intention of selling them by-and-by at a profit. Of course, with such a speculation raging, there is no lack of promoters of all kinds of enterprises—good, bad, and indifferent. The number of railways that have been authorized within the past couple of years is surprisingly great. And usually the Companies have received a guarantee from the Government. Thus, besides its Debt, the Government has a vast liability in the shape of guarantees given to railway and other Companies.

If the matter rested here it would be serious enough. But there is a still more serious circumstance to be mentioned. The National Mortgage Bank all over the Republic, and the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres in the province of that name, carry on a business similar to that of the Credit Foncier of France—that is to say, they lend upon the security of land and houses. Instead of advancing cash, however, they lend their own bonds, which are called *Cedulas*, the borrower undertaking to pay the interest on the bonds and the annual Sinking Fund charge. The interest ranges from 6 to 8 per cent., and the Sinking Fund annuity from 1 to 2 per cent. The two together make up an annual charge upon the borrowers of from 8 to 10 per cent. The total amount of *Cedulas* issued is about 200 millions of dollars. And these *Cedulas*, we repeat again, are secured on a mortgage of houses and lands, it being provided by law that only 50 per cent. of the value of the property mortgaged shall be advanced. The whole population of the Argentine Republic is barely 4 millions, and the owners of houses and lands amongst these 4 millions have made themselves liable to the two banks named for loans amounting to about 200 millions of dollars, or, nominally, 40 millions sterling. But, if the provision of the law, which requires that only 50 per cent. of the value of the properties mortgaged shall be lent, has been complied with, it follows that in the books of the lending banks the houses and lands which are mortgaged are of the value of 400 millions of dollars, or 80 millions sterling nominal. It is surely incredible that a population of 4 millions all told owns real property worth 80 millions sterling nominal. As long as the present inflation lasts the annual interest and Sinking Fund charges, no doubt, will be paid by the borrowers; but when the speculation comes to an end, and all speculations sooner or later inevitably come to an end, what will the consequences be? The two banks mentioned are guaranteed by the National and the Provincial Governments, provided they carry on their operations in accordance with the statutory provisions. Suppose, therefore, that the owners of houses and lands should not be able to keep on paying the annual interest and Sinking Fund, it would obviously be impossible to foreclose, for there would be no buyers. And then the National Government and the Government of the Province of Buenos Ayres would be called upon to make good their guarantees. The position of the Argentine Government, then, is this. It has a large funded Debt of about 28 millions sterling. It has given guarantees for very large amounts to railways and other Companies. And in addition it has guaranteed the National Mortgage Bank, which has already issued in *Cedulas* perhaps not less than 60 millions of dollars—that is, nominally, 12 millions sterling. The Province of Buenos Ayres, again, besides its own Debt, has guaranteed the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres, which has issued *Cedulas* to the amount of about 140 millions of dollars. And the Province of Buenos Ayres is by far the richest part of the Republic, with the exception, of course, of the city of Buenos Ayres, which

recently has been taken out of the province and become national. The other provinces have not guaranteed banks in this way. But they have incurred very heavy debts in comparison with their scanty populations and their backward condition.

The Argentine Government has always kept faith with its creditors, and it will continue to do so in the future, we have no doubt, if it is within its power to do so. But the question whether it will be within its power. If we are right in assuming that the rates of interest and discount for some time to come will be higher than they have been for years past, it will be impossible for either the Argentine Government and the Provinces, or for Argentine Companies, to raise money upon the old terms. But if they should not be able to raise money, the railway Companies will not be in a position to continue construction. The opening up of the country by means of railways is one of the causes of the wild speculation that is going on. We do not question that the railways will ultimately pay. But the interior of the country is either very sparsely peopled or not settled at all. And it must take a long time before railways far in the interior can obtain traffic enough to pay their working expenses, without speaking of anything else. But, as we have said, most of the Companies have been guaranteed, and if the Government should be called upon to make good those guarantees its difficulties would commence. Besides, it is obvious that the debts which the landowners and householders are piling up with a light heart must cause trouble before long. Their trouble would probably begin immediately if railway construction were to be checked. But in any case it must come; and if the landowners and householders are plunged in pecuniary difficulties, how is the Government to raise its revenue? What would make the matter worse in that case would be, that the Government might be called upon to make good its guarantee of the Cédulas. Of course we do not mean to insinuate that the Argentine Republic is ruined. But in all growing communities speculative fevers, such as the Argentine Republic is now suffering from, are frequent, and they always end in a crash, which is followed by a long period of depression and distress. The population will continue to grow. And with the growth of the population there will be a growth of wealth. Besides, when the present dreams of fortune coming in a night by means of a lucky speculation are dissipated, speculators, like other people, will have to turn to humdrum drudgery, and their labour and savings will increase the prosperity of the country. After an interval, too, the population will grow sufficiently to give traffic to the railway Companies, and thus the period of depression will again be followed by a period of revival. All the same, the depression will come, and will plunge the National Government as well as the Provincial Governments into embarrassment. The United States are much richer than the Argentine Republic, yet the United States every few years have their crises. In the United States, however, the Government does not give guarantees either to railways or to mortgage banks, and the credit of the Government, therefore, is not involved. The seriousness of the situation in the Argentine Republic is that the Government has given so many guarantees that its credit will be involved. And besides that is the fact that, whereas in the United States there is a varied industry, in the Argentine Republic there is not.

#### LA SOCIÉTÉ BOUTIQUIÈRE.

IT is only a few years since that Society—i.e. the leisured class—was greatly moved to see the male scions of our good families betake themselves Eastward to earn a livelihood by the juggling of stock and the sale of wines, and by means of all those "Somethings in the City" which are now smilingly approved of, not on account of the dignity of the calling, but on account of the potentialities of money-making. This migration to the City of fashionable young men may or may not have been due to the obstacles which the necessity of passing competitive examinations has placed in the way of their entering the service of the country, civil and military, but it, at any rate, was a return to much older ways, and a shock to more recent ideas.

When ladies became milliners a few years ago it was only an extension of a practice which had before received the assent of the classes. Society opened its eyes in mild surprise at first, and then quietly accepted the situation. Trade then having now become recognized as the legitimate vocation of gentlewomen, it is natural that there should be a rush of the sex to the gates thus thrown open to them, and therein consists one of the dangers wherewith this new venture is beset. There is a danger of too much competition; almost every day we hear of a new establishment being started in a fashionable thoroughfare. Let a word of warning be spoken to these fair adventuresses in time. Let them know that they will not succeed because they are ladies. Trade is not a thing to be played with; the effort must be real and serious, the gentle lady must be put off, and the shrewd and thrifty tradeswoman must be put on, if the venture is to have even the chance of success. The first necessities of any trade, however small, are good credit, some knowledge, and indefatigable industry. The first requires capital, the second training; though there may be a few women who, without previous training, have an instinctive knowledge of what is becoming in dress which can almost be called "genius." The third requires

health, strength, and natural aptitude for management of detail, a mastery of figures, and, above all, an abnegation of all pleasure, which is not the least difficult virtue to be acquired by such persons as have curiously enough been the pioneers of the movement.

This is a formidable category of necessary qualifications for the successful prosecution of trade even in bonnets and hats. The necessity for them rises in proportionate ratio to the size of the business, and the character of the work undertaken. It cannot be too often repeated that a lady will succeed, not because she is a lady, but because she is a tradeswoman, and able from her knowledge and business capacity to compete with a trade always hostile and unfriendly to beginners, and increasingly so to an incredible degree when the new competitors come from a class hitherto known only as customers and never dreamt of as rivals.

Far be it from our intention to discourage praiseworthy effort in any walk of life. The crowd of those able and willing to work cannot be too largely swelled, and if gentlewomen are to trade, they may as well trade in hats and millinery as in anything else. In the first place, it is a trade which need not take them away from home. Secondly, it is a trade which is congenial to the nature and habits of the fair sex. A pretty bonnet is a thing of art; its successful production requires a refined taste and an educated sense of colour and proportion. It is a part of the ordinary duties of many ladies to fashion for themselves those frail apologies for headgear, so that, by use and custom, we do not somehow consider that a lady's fingers are soiled by contact with ribbons and straw, as they would be, say, by the manufacture of boots.

But there is a danger, which we have already hinted at, which seems likely to threaten this new departure in the lives and habits of our gentlewomen. Woman is by nature an impulsive creature, ruled by sentiment more than by reason. She is ever prone to commit the logical error of generalizing from a single instance. Because she sees one lady successful in trade, she rushes to the conclusion that a lady has only to go into trade to be successful. Hence we see almost daily impecunious ladies of a sanguine temperament entering into rivalry with those of their station who may have been successful—not successful because they are well born, or well connected, or are followed into business by an illustrious clientèle, but because they have been clever enough to learn the tricks of the trade and have not relied exclusively on the adventitious help which rich friends or kindly-disposed relations are able to afford. "Many shall be called, but few chosen" is a maxim which applies here; but the more that are called, the fewer will be chosen. Ladies will destroy each other by an internecine warfare, and they will unconsciously ruin a movement which might do no harm if wisely directed.

The intellectual Athenian of the age of St. Paul was not peculiar in "ever seeking some new thing"; he has an antitype in the modern lady of fashion, who will ever rush to a new bonnet shop in quest of a new shape or a cheaper article, or to satisfy the curiosity which always attaches to any new adventure in this department. To be a successful lady milliner requires more than the patronage of the Belgravian few. Apart from the tendency referred to to run after any new thing, Belgravians are not good paymasters; the money is safe, but its production in specie is often delayed in a manner which is a serious embarrassment to the methodical conduct of trade. Probably few people have an idea of the quantity of material which is necessary for daily use in a millinery establishment of even small dimensions. Payment to the trade which supplies this material has to be made at stated and punctual periods, and woe to the luckless woman who cannot meet her City liabilities. Then is the beginning of the end. The stern merchant of the East-End does not take into account that his customer is a lady by birth or that dual blood courses through her veins; it is not for him to trace pedigrees or to yield to sentimental considerations of pity; his bill must be paid on the day, or else the credit of the house will suffer. Once it becomes known that the credit is bad, or even uncertain, the business receives a death wound from which it will not recover.

The eager Jew lists awhile and then comes forward with offer of capital at exorbitant rates. The luckless lady, unable from her nature to bear the strain of chronic indebtedness, yields to temptation, and the last state of that woman is worse than the first. This is the gloomy side of the picture; and it must be shown to warn amateurs that success is not certain even if rich friends finance the business—by loan or by gift. If by the former, the loan must at some time be repaid; if by the latter, let it be remembered that money easily gained is easily spent; the lady who relies on such support will be tempted at first to make a high bid in the wages-market, she may tempt away first-hands from leading establishments by the offer of a large premium and an increased salary; but, in spite of this, trade will not prosper if it lacks that vital force which alone can be imported to it by knowledge, industry, and energy. These qualities are more essential even than money; how can they be obtained? Friends cannot lend them, their ordinary training does not impart them; the nature of the sex does not, as a rule, supply them in sufficient degree. But there is a way in which, if ladies will condescend to learn, the necessary knowledge and industry can be acquired—i.e. if they will enter themselves as apprentices or pupils in some first-class house of business where they will be able to get a clear insight into all the innumerable inner workings and the weary details which



must be mastered before an independent venture can be risked. But they must be content to take their place by the side of the regular working-girls, and put their pride in their pocket. If they do this, and work with a will, their success in after-life is more than half-assured, always supposing that they have a genius for the business and not too many competitors. "Whether it is worth going through so much—" but that quotation is somewhat musty.

## ART FOR SCHOOLS.

FROM that useful Society, the Art for Schools Association, we have received, as a reminder of its existence, the Report for the past year, and a catalogue of the works published by the Society up to date. We are glad to recall to the memories of our readers the fact that the Art for Schools Association, of which Mr. Ruskin is the President, and Miss Christie and Mr. Lionel Cust the honorary secretaries, was founded in 1883 with three aims in view—namely, to supply good reproductions of standard works of art to schools of all classes, to publish subjects especially suitable for schools, each at the lowest possible prices, and to lend, and occasionally give, groups of framed engravings and other pictures to poor schools. These objects appear to have been carried out very practically, and with no affectation of false æstheticism. Among the publications proposed for 1889 we find a chromolithograph of an English man-of-war of the sixteenth century, which, of course, would be an invaluable aid to any teacher who desired to bring home the Spanish Armada to the imagination of juvenile students. Other useful works projected are portraits of Luther, Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney, and Drake, with what seems to be the most ambitious scheme proposed to itself this year by the Society, a reproduction of the painting of Thomas Cranmer, which is one of the historic ornaments of Lambeth Palace.

The report of the Association deplores the loss, during 1888, of three prominent and energetic friends—Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Cotter Morison, and Mr. Thring—and their place does not seem to be easily filled, as indeed it would be strange if it should be. Like other praiseworthy institutions, the Art for Schools Association complains that its power of usefulness is cramped by its small income, and calls for further help. It is so modest in its requirements, and so slight an increase to its number of members would make it self-supporting, that we do not believe it can suffer from any but a temporary discouragement. In the meantime, if any of our readers are moved to inquire further regarding what it does and has done, the address of the Secretary is 29 Queen's Square, W.C. The catalogue is a very interesting one, and shows that during its six years of existence the Association has been able to put a great deal of real fine Art (with a big A) into schools.

## PROFESSOR LAUGHTON AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

WHEN the husband, in M. A. Dumas *filis* his play of *Francillon*, remarks to his father that the world is full of fools, the sagacious old man answers, "Yes, my son, and when we count them we commonly forget to include one." We commend this equally witty and true observation of a human weakness to the egregious critic in general, and in particular to Mr. John Knox Laughton, Professor of Modern History in King's College, London. It will warn them and him of the danger which lies in the hasty use of abusive words. The occasion which induces us to give this friendly advice to an old acquaintance is this. Mr. J. K. Laughton, who ever since we knew him has been at work discovering the well-known and correcting the unimportant, has lately had his attention directed to an article in the *Saturday Review* called the "Loquacious Soldier," in which was quoted for purposes of example the well-known despatch attributed to Captain Walton of the *Canterbury*. Here it is again:—

SIR,—We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels which were upon the coast, the number as per margin.—I am, &c.  
Canterbury off Syracuse,  
August 16, 1718. G. WALTON.

At the sight of this Mr. Laughton was moved, for he knew something. He therefore hastened to inform the *Army and Navy Gazette* that this letter was "a lie," concocted by one Corbett, Secretary to Admiral Byng, for some purpose unknown, but undoubtedly for some definite purpose, as Mr. Laughton, guided by an inward light, can assert with confidence. For Corbett must have known what Captain Walton really wrote, and have falsified it deliberately. The gravity of the falsification will be obvious to all who read Captain Walton's real letter, copied for us by Mr. Laughton. Here it is:—

SIR,—This morning we got off of Syracuse, and the *Viceroy* sent a boat off with an officer, but no news, only the whole country is in rebellion, and that they are blocked up so that they cannot get any refreshment out of the country. Four days since there came a boat from Reggio with a packet for you; but not knowing where to send it, but expected you might be at Syracuse, thought it the best way to keep it till we came there, and not finding you here, thought it most proper to send a ship to look for the fleet, by whom I have sent the packet. We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels that were upon the coast, the number as in the margin; and as for them we have with us, hope shall get into Syracuse this day.

Canterbury off Saragozza, (sic)  
August 5, 1718.

GEO. WALTON.

Fortified with this, Mr. Laughton takes it from very high—; from as high as his tiptoes, in fact—with the *Saturday Review* quotes what we said on another occasion touching the vitality of archaeological lies, regrets that he will probably not kill this particular lie, but hopes his discovery "may possibly prevent teachers of the public from using the false letter as an instrument with which to point morals, and adorn tales." On all of which we have some brief sentences to deliver. First, that critical-minded people take care to have some sort of a case before they accuse any man, dead or alive, of so ugly a thing as a "lie." Secondly, as regards Corbett's crime, we have to point out that it is imaginary, except to men who set about criticism in the spirit of an animated copying-machine. Corbett wished to repeat what Captain Walton said about the fighting. This he did with perfect accuracy, except in putting "per" for "in the," as will be seen by a reference to the words we have put in italics. Having done the necessary, Corbett did not make a beggarly display of superfluous information, and no doubt he had an artistic sense of the benefit it was to the letter to be freed from the quite uninteresting previous matter which had nothing to do with the fighting at all. There was no lie, nor any need for one, in the matter; only the simplicity of a man who did not foresee that he would be attacked by pedants, and who thought it more becoming to avoid the parade of "documents." Thirdly, and lastly, we remark, on behalf of "teachers of the public," that our case seems much strengthened by Mr. Laughton. For Captain Walton did not even give the whole of his letter to the fighting; he dismissed it in a single sentence at the end of the report of other things. More than ever do we think that the young officer of today will do well to get as close as he can to Captain Walton and as far as possible from the modern model, which we compared unfavourably with that of the old seaman.

## THE HANDEL SOCIETY.

ON Monday last the Handel Society gave an interesting performance of music at the Bow and Bromley Institute. We are glad to see that the Society carries out the plan started two or three years ago of giving East-End concerts, and the district of Bow and Bromley is particularly deserving of its favours; for it is making of itself quite a little centre of music—what with its own choir, classes, &c. The works chosen for performance were the *Dido and Aeneas* of Purcell, and *Alexander's Feast*, by Handel. There is much dispute as to the age that Purcell was when he composed the first-mentioned work. Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, gives the date as 1675, when he could only have been about seventeen, and this error has been copied in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*. Since then an old and complete manuscript score of the opera has been found which was first published in 1837, and it bears undoubted testimony that the opera was not written until 1680. It was composed for performance by a school for gentlewomen at Chelsea, kept by a certain Josias Priest, a dancing-master; and, according to the *London Gazette*, November 25, 1680, he only removed from Leicester Fields to Chelsea that year. We are rather sorry that *King Arthur* (although less completely operative) was not performed on Monday; but we believe the difficulty of getting proper scores was insurmountable. It is a finer work, and has not been so often heard; in fact, it is the work of a ripe musician, instead of a young man of twenty-two. As to the performance on Monday of the *Dido and Aeneas* we cannot say much; it was very slovenly, especially on the part of the orchestra, which seemed not to have practised some of the parts at all. Perhaps we expect too much from an amateur performance, and probably the fact of an accidental delay in the arrival of one of the soloists—Miss Wakley—had so flurried them, that all the errors were attributable to this cause. Miss Wildy, another of the members, most kindly came forward, and effectively sang the part until Miss Wakley arrived. We must do justice to the chorus; they were deserving of much praise all through; the attacks were good, the body of voice wonderfully improved since last year, and it is a great pity for the performance that there were not longer and more important choral numbers in the work. *Dido and Aeneas* ought to have been well within the compass of a Society like the Handel, as the orchestration is of the simplest kind. Perhaps some of the songs were difficult, as being composed on a ground bass, which is not familiar to our modern music.

We turn with pleasure to the performance of *Alexander's Feast*. It was most satisfactory in almost every respect. The band seemed much better rehearsed, and apparently had got over its panic; the soloists were excellent, and the chorus kept up its high standard. It is curious that the same Society on the same evening should give two such unequal renderings. Miss Kate Fusselle sang well; she has a pleasant voice, without very high soprano notes. Mr. John Probert and Mr. Bantock Pierpoint are so well known that it is only necessary to say that they sang with their accustomed vigour and excellence. Mr. Probert was suffering from a very bad cold, which would really quite have incapacitated most people, but did not prevent his being most dramatic and effective, especially in the song "War he sung is toil and trouble." We were sorry we did not hear more of Mrs. Howard Tooth's rich contralto voice; she only sang two bars of solo (sitting with the choir) in the chorus "Let Old Timotheus yield the Prize." We ought to have mentioned before that we

should have liked the short parts in *Dido and Aeneas*, sung by Mr. Williams and Miss Kekewich, to have been rather longer. The music of *Alexander's Feast* was written in the beginning of 1736, and produced at Covent Garden the same year, just after Handel had dissolved his partnership with Heidegger, at the King's Theatre. The production of this and several operas at Covent Garden ended in his bankruptcy, and brought on a fit of paralysis. It is curious that after this all his greatest oratorios were written. The autograph score of this work is at Buckingham Palace. It has in later days often been performed; the Bach Society did it in 1881. Indeed, it is seldom that the song, "Revenge, Timotheus cried," and other excerpts from the Ode, are omitted from the Selection Day at the Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace; but, curiously enough, there was not a single item taken from it last year.

The Handel Society has, we are glad to say, increased in numbers, and the balance-sheet is very satisfactory. We hope it will continue long to do good work. The increase in many ways is very encouraging; the wood, wind, and double basses, which used to be largely added to on occasions by professionals, are now almost entirely amateur. This is a marked improvement: for the Society would have no *raison d'être* unless amateur. We must repeat again that the chorus has enormously improved in quality and quantity. We only wish the tenor voices in the latter respect had been multiplied as much as the rest; but we must acknowledge that, for so small a band, they are very efficient. Certainly, as a whole, the performance of *Alexander's Feast* on Monday was the best we have yet heard from the Society.

#### AN OLD STAGER.

DURING a long and active theatrical career Mr. Tom Mead, whose death was recorded this week, had filled many parts in many companies in London and in the provinces, often with distinction and generally with the success that a capable actor trained in a good school can command. Sixty years ago the young actor of promise had a rougher road to recognition than now, in spite of the slighter competition of those days—an advantage immeasurably outbalanced by the present enormous increase in number of theatres in the country and in the popularity and prosperity of the stage. When Mr. Mead made his first appearance in London as Sir Giles Overreach at the Victoria in 1848, we may be sure that he faced a more critical audience than the average gathering in our numerous theatres of to-day. And probably as much may be said of his first appearance at Devonport in 1821, in his twentieth year, when he undertook the part of Orozumbo, in *Pizarro*, in which so many distinguished players made a mark. Mr. Mead's training was of the thorough kind common to those days of high examples in acting and criticism. Many and diverse were the parts he interpreted, and, of course, there was much of experiment and varying success in the strenuous course of his apprenticeship. But it was soon recognized in London that the experience acquired was, like the actor's natural intelligence, not merely considerable, but valuable and comprehensive. At the Surrey and at Drury Lane, under Mr. E. T. Smith; at the St. James's, under Mrs. Seymour's management, and at the Princess's, Mr. Mead was a successful exponent of leading characters in the "legitimate" field and in dramas by Sheridan Knowles, Tom Taylor, and Charles Reade. Most playgoers will recall with pleasure his Crawley in *The Streets of London* and his Isaac Levy in *Never Too Late to Mend*. To another generation Mr. Mead is better known by his always acceptable acting in Shakespearian revivals at the Lyceum, under the management of Mrs. Bateman and that of Mr. Henry Irving. The Ghost in *Hamlet*, the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, and (out of Shakespeare) Old Lesurques in the *Lions Mail* may be mentioned among his parts. His stage experience embraced other phases of activity; for he was lessee, manager, or stage-manager, at various periods, and in the last capacity his ability was shown to be of no common order. Mr. Mead was also an author of plays, one of which, *The Coquette*, was produced at the Haymarket some twenty years since.

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

THE most interesting musical event of the past week was the production at the last Crystal Palace Saturday Concert of Mr. Hamish MacCunn's cantata, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Mr. MacCunn is a very lucky young man. At an age when most composers are struggling to get their compositions brought before the world he has only to write a new work and it is accepted at once and produced under exceptionally favourable circumstances. No one who has heard his music will grudge him his good fortune; for he has gifts of a very high and exceptional order, and in some respects—notably in his orchestral writing—he already shows the hand of a master. But his rapid advance in public favour is fraught with danger; for he has still much to learn, and the indiscriminating praise which has been lavished on him may turn his head at a critical time in his career. His new cantata, the most important work he has hitherto produced, displays both his strong and weak points in a marked degree. He has been hampered by an ill-digested and patchy libretto. The suppression of the character of the evil-disposed dwarf and his

theft of Michael Scott's magic book renders much of it absolutely incomprehensible, and the defects of the supernatural machinery which plays so important a part in the original story are consequently brought into still greater prominence in the cantata. As the work stands, it is but little better than a series of disconnected incidents; and the omission of the scene at the marriage-feast in Branksome Hall, when the dwarf disappears, deprives the plot of its proper climax and most picturesque conclusion. Scott's verse is not well adapted to musical setting, though in this respect Mr. MacCunn has succeeded better than could have been anticipated, and in one scene—the theft of the book from the wizard's grave at Melrose—he has written music which is singularly romantic and impressive, though perhaps too full of reminiscences of the wonderful scenes of the latter part of Dvořák's *Spectre Bride*. The orchestration of the work throughout is admirable; but the composer has relied too much upon his powers in this respect, and has neglected to bestow sufficient care upon his writing for both chorus and solo voices. It is here that the necessity for further study is apparent. The want of sustained power in the choral passages makes itself continually felt; his choruses are too often merely harmonized melodies, and when he attempts to develop them at length he breaks down and relies upon his orchestration to sustain the interest. Similarly the solos are deficient in interest and in a thorough knowledge of declamatory effect, and he misses many points simply from a want of understanding the means by which they should be brought into prominence. The performance last Saturday, particularly as regards the choral-singing, left much to be desired; but the defects of the cantata are such as no amount of excellence on the part of the performers can remedy, and, as it stands, it must be regarded more as a work of promise than a finished achievement. It might be worth Mr. MacCunn's consideration whether it would not be well to submit it to a careful revision, for there is so much of interest in the music that it would be a pity to lay the work on one side. The end of the first part and the scene on the walls of Branksome are excellent, but the solos are dull and ineffective, and the final chorus should be altogether re-written. If Mr. MacCunn will realize that he has still much to learn, he may have everything before him; but not if he allows his head to be turned by ill-advised friends. Apart from the choral-singing, the performance last Saturday was, on the whole, excellent. The soprano music was sung by Mme. Nordica, the tenor by Mr. Iver McKay, the contralto by Miss Curran, and the bass by Mr. Andrew Black. The latter—whose name is new in London programmes—especially distinguished himself by his fine voice and intelligent singing. The rest of the concert consisted of Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*, the scene of the Queen of the Night, "Gli angeli d'inferno," sung (in a transposed key) by Mme. Nordica, and Mr. MacCunn's beautiful Overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood."

At Mr. Dannreuther's third concert on Thursday week an interesting novelty was a new Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, the latest composition of Dr. Hubert Parry. The work is of modest dimensions; but in every respect it is worthy of the position the composer has attained by his oratorio of *Juith*. The lucidity of expression and compactness of ideas, combined with wealth of charming melody, which were so noticeable in the great work produced at Birmingham, are present in the new Violin Sonata. It consists of three movements—Allegro, Andante sostenuto, and Presto vivacissimo—all of which are of singularly equal degrees of excellence. The whole work is a little masterpiece, and deserves to be heard frequently. Mr. Chappell would be doing a real service to musicians if he were to introduce it at the Popular Concerts, where it could not fail to make an impression by its sterling qualities. The programme also comprised Brahms's Fourth Pianoforte Trio, Op. 101, a work which gains at every hearing; Beethoven's Trio, Op. 70, No. 2; Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; and songs by Schubert and Bizet. The pianist was Mr. Dannreuther, whose playing this season has improved remarkably, and the vocalist was Miss Lena Little. She was much more successful in Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" than in Bizet's "Adieux de l'Hôte de l'Arabe," the peculiarly French grace of which is unsuited to her thoroughly German style. On the same afternoon as Mr. Dannreuther's concert Mlle. Jeanne Douste gave a recital of pianoforte works and songs by Schumann and Brahms at Prince's Hall. The young Belgian pianist's charming touch and brilliant execution are well known, and attracted an audience which more than filled the concert-room. Her performance of Schumann's Sonata, Op. 22, was excellent in technique and finish, though perhaps somewhat deficient in poetry; but nothing but praise is due to her playing of Brahms's variations and fugue on a theme by Handel, a work of immense difficulty, which she performed with consummate ease and skill. The vocal numbers were sung by Herr Oscar Niemann, a son of the veteran Berlin tenor. He apparently has a baritone voice which has been forced up so as to enable him to sing tenor music. The result is not pleasant to listen to, especially as all considerations of vocalization appear to have been sacrificed for the sake of acquiring declamatory power. He was not fortunate in his accompanist; either from modesty or a sense of her inefficiency, she was announced in the programme as "Madame K . . ." On Friday, the 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave the first of their vocal recitals at Prince's Hall. For two singers to occupy an hour and a half with songs and duets, unrelieved by any instrumental music, is a task which might



at first seem onerous to the performers and wearisome to the audience; but Mr. and Mrs. Henschel are, though in different styles, such admirable artists, and their programmes are so full of interest and so carefully arranged, that no concerts are more pleasant to listen to than theirs. On the present occasion the chief novelty was a duet from Wagner's juvenile opera, *Die Feen*, a bombastic and dull work which was produced, with very limited success, last year at Munich. The duet sung by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel is between the two comic characters of the opera, but the fun of it is very ponderous and conventional, and, musically, there is nothing of particular interest, except as showing how strongly Wagner was under the influence of Weber, and to a less degree of Auber, when it was written. The rest of the programme was commendably eclectic, consisting of songs and duets by Marco da Gagliano, Grétry, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Loewe, A. G. Thomas, Massenet, Cui, Schumann, and Boieldieu. Mrs. Henschel was most successful in Mr. A. G. Thomas's charming "Midi au Village," and in a brilliant Bolero by the Russian composer, César Cui; while Mr. Henschel was heard to the greatest advantage in Loewe's fine setting of Goethe's "Erlkönig," the weirdness of which he reproduces with extraordinary dramatic power. On Monday afternoon St. James's Hall was filled with a crowded audience to listen to Otto Hegner's Second Recital. On this occasion the boy-pianist played Bach's Second Suite Anglaise, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, a Nocturne by Chopin, Weber's Rondo "La Gaité," a Bourrée by his master, Hans Huber, a Minuet by Paderowski, and Liszt's "Gnomonreigen." The programme was judiciously selected for the display of his talent in very different styles, and it is satisfactory that he was most successful in the Beethoven Sonata. As on a recent occasion at the Crystal Palace, when he played the same master's Third Concerto, his performance was characterized by extraordinary intelligence and charm. Poetic insight is not to be expected from one so young, and yet it is difficult to believe that his readings are merely the result of teaching, for he certainly displays a rare power of investing what he plays with a degree of individuality which is simply extraordinary at his age. His playing of the final Presto of the Sonata was full of almost exuberant spirit. It is this energy which distinguishes him from Josef Hofmann, who made such a sensation two years ago. The latter seemed often lethargic and mechanical, whilst everything that Otto Hegner does is attacked with boyish eagerness and *verve*. At present he shows no signs of overwork; but it is much to be hoped that whoever is responsible for his public appearance will watch carefully lest such an expenditure of nerve-power as his playing must entail should have a bad effect upon him. The boy is evidently a genius, and it would be lamentable if he were exhausted before his powers are even matured.

A few words must suffice to record the programme of last Monday's Popular Concert, which consisted of Schumann's String Quartet, Op. 41, No. 2; Signor Piatti's new Sonata for Violoncello and Pianoforte, which was noticed on its production at these Concerts a few weeks ago; Beethoven's Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte, Op. 30, No. 3; Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise in E flat, Op. 22, and songs by Handel and Gounod. The executants were Mme. Neruda, Miss Fanny Davies, Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, and the vocalist was Mr. Santley. To-day the Norwegian composer and pianist, Herr Grieg, makes his first appearance at the Popular Concert, while at the Crystal Palace a counter-attraction is presented in the shape of Dr. Stanford's new Symphony, which was produced last month at Berlin with marked success.

## REVIEWS.

### MAJOR FRASER'S MANUSCRIPT.\*

THIS beautiful little book belongs to a class which, to our shame be it spoken, is more French than English. It is a reprint of a curious historical authority very prettily executed, and illustrated, in both senses of the word, by notes and by drawings, equally fully and well. The Manuscript of Major James Fraser, of Castle Leathers or Laddars, had been known to Dr. Hill Burton, and so well thought of by him, that he, on being first made acquainted with it, recast his own Life of Lord Lovat, which he had already in type. An authority of this value might well have been made known before. But it has lost nothing by waiting. Colonel Fergusson has printed it in the dainty form he loves, and has, moreover, supported it with copious introduction and notes. The etchings and engravings are most creditably done and judiciously chosen. The portrait of Castle Leathers himself—an outline engraving of a stout gentleman of rather mulish expression in trews—the etchings of Lord Lovat's broad cunning face, and of the refined-looking head of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, are capital. Prettier things than the little portraits of houses and towns put as headings to the chapters we have not often seen.

\* *Major Fraser's Manuscript—His Adventures in Scotland and England: His Mission to and Travels in France in search of his Chief: His Services in the Rebellion (and his Quarrels) with Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, 1696-1737.* Edited by Alexander Fergusson, Lieutenant-Colonel. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1889.

The Major's narrative is itself a distinct contribution to the accessible historical literature of the eighteenth century. It gives a curious picture of Lovat, the finished type of the Highland chief of the old stamp, violent, bloodthirsty, headstrong, yet withal cunning and litigious; equally ready to order a murder, to commit abduction and rape, or to win by craft. Incidentally, too, it illustrates the clansman as well as the chief. The picture which Castle Leathers gives of himself is as striking and is far more trustworthy than his portrait of Lovat. The latter is coloured by personal animosity, the memory of old wrongs and quarrels. The former is absolutely unconscious. The Major was not in the least concerned to convey a pleasing impression of his own character. He was sure of the justice of his case and quite satisfied with the part he played. So his doings are told in an innocent, straightforward way, not in the least the less trustworthy because the Major frankly confesses that he could lie and dissemble on occasion. These were, however, measures of war not unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman. The Major's character, as it appears in his narrative, is precisely what we should have expected in a Highland gentleman and tacksman—the right hand of his chief. It is pleasing to note his utter indifference to the rival causes of King George and King James. In his opinion the Hanoverian or the Jacobite claimants were of importance simply in so far as they affected the interests of the Frasers. The clan was the centre of the universe. For it, as represented by its chief, he would fight with perfect impartiality in the cause of any or no king. Then he was a finished Highlander, prepared either to compel a rascally smuggler, who refused him beer when his throat was dry with unmoistened bread and cheese, to supply liquor, at the point of the claymore, or to wheedle a suspicious baillie into granting him a pass, by representing himself with candid face as a poor innocent Highland drover, and offering brandy to send the fiction down. The Major's political impartiality was shown to effect during his interview with the King or the Pretender (he uses the title with pleasing indifference) at "Lunaville." The Chevalier showed a letter of Lord Leven's reporting the double-dealing of Lord Lovat, whereupon "The Major replied, If it was proper to lose a thousand good Frasers to satisfy a family that could not bring twenty Murrays to the field. He answered that he would be a chief of the Frasers himself, but for that gentleman (Lord Simon) he should never go out of France if he could (stop him). Whereupon the Major told that his commission from the name of Fraser was to declare their minds, which was that, if he would give them their natural head and chief, they would venture their lives and fortunes in his cause; and if not, that they had declared that, if they should dy to a man, they would never draw a sword for him or any of his." This was plain; and it is characteristic of the Jacobite blindness of the time that the Chevalier could not see it. He would not trust Lord Simon, and would rely on the loyalty of the clan to their King, of whom they knew, and for whom they cared, next to nothing. As a natural consequence, he had all the Frasers against him in the "15." The Major, too, is a regular Highlander in his pompous want of humour, and particular inability to understand a joke at his own expense. He tells how he swelled like a turkey-cock when the Chevalier (not very wisely or politely) made fun of the quantity and quality of his French.

Major Fraser's knowledge of the public life of his chief is not continuous. He obviously knew little except of two periods. He was one of Simon Fraser's men while the young Master was carrying on a private war against Lord Saltoun and the Athole family. At that time Castle Leathers had a share in the seizure of Lord Saltoun and the abduction of the Dowager Lady Lovat. His version of this story is more unfavourable to his chief than the common one. He not only says that the lady reconciled herself, as other Highland ladies had done, to her lot as prize of Simon Fraser's bow and spear, but declares that the forced marriage was repeated at her own request, which makes her subsequent repudiation by her captor the more scandalous. A proof is given of her submission to her lot which illustrates the barbarism of the Highlands. Representatives of her family were sent up to inquire whether she stayed willingly with Lovat, and after negotiations were admitted to see her. "When they came to Castle Downy my Lord Forbes saluted the lady with all manners, and asked her if she was lawfully married to Captain Fraser of Bewfort. She answered that she was. Whereupon her brother, Lord James, took up his foot and gave her along the belly—. You damned —, do you own yourself married to such a villain?" We are very far here from the romantic Flora and the chivalrous Vich Ian Vohr.

During Lord Lovat's period of eclipse, between his first flight from Scotland and his return at the death of Queen Anne, Castle Leathers seems to have known little of his chief's doings. At the latter date he was chosen by the "voit" of the clan to go to Saumur and hunt up the rightful chief, who would free them from the intruding Mackenzie of Fraserdale, who had been imposed on the name by the House of Athol. The enterprise was a serious one for a gentleman who knew only three words of French, but he undertook it. Shouldering his "habersack" he started, leaving "his wife and children sprawling on the floor in tears." The poor Major, as he always calls himself, went through many adventures, but by piecing out the hide of the lion with the skin of the fox he won through them all. Mary of Modena sent him on a fool's errand to "Barlyduke," for which he ungallantly hoped that she "is yet [about 1737, apparently]

in Purgatory till she make atonement to the poor Major for the sweat he lost." On the other hand, the Duke of Lorraine gave him a horse, which he persisted, to the terror of his fellow-travellers, in bringing across the Channel in an open boat; and the Duchess gave him a tobacco-pipe, "worth three pistols." How he found his chief greatly sunk in his person at Saumur, distrusted by the Chevalier, and threatened with a *lettre de cachet*; how he egged him on to escape and rat to King George, how he got him over to London, how the Argyle family helped their natural ally against the Athols; how, after many adventures with suspicious mayors and baillies in London, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Dumfries, and Aberdeen, they all got back to Stratherrick, it were impossible to tell here. The Major is laconic, and full of quaint little pictures of a troubled time. His account of the intaking of Inverness, when the Frasers, the Forbeses of Culloden, and the Roses of Kilravock, drove out the Jacobite Sir John Mackenzie of Coule, would of itself be worth quoting entire if space permitted. Very good, too, are the numerous little touches about the Irish soldiers of fortune and "Capizions" (capucins) who helped the Major on his road. His feelings towards his chief are highly instructive. They were by no means those of Evan Dhu Maccombich. For Simon Fraser personally, for his Jesuitry and tender care for his "carcass," Castle Leathers had an avowed contempt, mingled with a sincere admiration of the wicked Lord's craft and violence. It is quite clear that, if the Major felt himself bound to obey his chief and support him against the world, he also thought the chief had duties to fulfil to his clan. Among these, and first among them, was the duty of treating his kinsmen with a proper generosity. Now in this respect Simon Fraser failed in a shocking manner. He fell out with the Major and evicted him. He worried him about money, and greatly persecuted his brother-in-law, Alexander Fraser of Phopachy. Finally the poor Major was reduced so low that he was compelled to keep a public-house in Inverness. His chief in the meantime spoke of him as "The known notorious common liar and monster of ingratitude, Major Cracks." Altogether the two give a curious glimpse into the sharp practice and wrangling over money which could go on in the golden days of the Highlands between chief and clansman. As a general picture of life, therefore, the book has a value over and above the interest of its incidents.

## NOVELS.\*

NOTHING would be easier than to denounce *Beatrice Cope* on the ground that there is nothing new in it. It contains Jacobites and Hanoverians, and plots and disguises and spyings. The scene is laid near the Scotch Border, and the action culminates in 1715. There is a lovely young lady with a lover on one side and a brother on the other. There are parties of soldiers making domiciliary searches under the command of gallant officers. There are two hair-breadth escapes and a touch of bloodshed. The author endeavours to reproduce to some extent not only the modes of thought, but the peculiarities of language, of the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in the result the manner of Mr. Walter Besant is often brought to the reader's mind. Therefore it would be easy to say, as the philosopher said in an inn when he had complained of the absence of books, and his companion triumphantly produced a copy of the New Testament, "C'est un livre excellent; mais je l'ai déjà lu." Such a criticism, however, would in the present instance be extremely incomplete. For all the matter indicated is the stuff of which the best stories are made, and *Mistress Beatrice Cope*, though not exactly one of the best stories in the language, is an uncommonly good one. By satisfying certain conditions a capable author is likely to make a better story out of those standard materials of romance the use of which is hallowed by the consensus of approval of generations of men than out of the most original plots and combinations of character which it is given to inventive man or woman to evolve. Mr., Mrs., or Miss Le Clerc satisfies those conditions in a very creditable manner. The Whig squire, with a family of sons and daughters; the peaceful establishment of religiously disposed ladies who occupy themselves in good works and harbour emissaries from St. Germain's; the loves of the Squire's niece, whose father was beheaded under William III., and the young baronet, who devotedly upholds the Protestant succession, are all, it is true, things familiar in fiction, but we are not a bit less interested in them on that account. The people who are meant to be attractive are attractive, and the great scene wherein the heroine saves her Jacobite brother from His Majesty's troops is

just as thrilling as it would be if Jacobite stories were quite new or if we had any doubt that the brother would ultimately evade the perils that surround him and make good his escape to foreign parts. As is often the case in stories which are among the pleasantest to read, there is nobody in the book particularly wicked, but the half-dozen principal characters are distinct and vivacious. The weak point is that the adoption by the author, in order to be in accord with the characters, of language intended to suggest the period of the story is not always quite successful. The archaic forms of speech thus introduced are sometimes a little ludicrous, and once or twice give place inharmoniously to a line or two that is unmistakably modern. Allowing for everything, however, *Beatrice Cope* will be read with pleasure by every one with a right-minded appreciation of good, honest romance. It is in two rather short volumes, and there is certainly none too much of it.

This last piece of praise cannot with equal confidence be given to Mrs. Trollope for *That Unfortunate Marriage*. It is in three volumes, and each of them is, to say the truth, rather long. The story is in this wise. A scamp of good family named Cheffington married a plebeian named Dobbs, and to them was born a heroine, christened Miranda, and known to her friends as May. She is cast for the part of *ingénue*—a very Reichemberg of *ingénues*—but she is not a success, being rather silly, and not otherwise attractive. She was brought up by her grandmother Dobbs, a woman of moderate means and a good heart, but of lowly birth. We are desired to esteem this lady as a paragon of good sense, sound morals, and strength of character; but, in fact, she was rather weakly set upon obtaining for her granddaughter the social advantages which the paternal Cheffington might have given her if he had not been a tipsy, disreputable loafer. May was, as might have been expected, of prepossessing appearance, and attracted the admiration of three gentlemen. She was eventually united to that one of the three whose sentiment she reciprocated, and was very likely happier than she had done anything particular to deserve. Before this consummation was reached she had mixed in *le hig-lif*, with the help of her scampish parent's comparatively respectable relations, and there had been complications of the kind usual in novels. The villain was one of her rejected admirers. His excessive odiousness is depicted by Mrs. Trollope with much skill, and it is a pity that nothing worse happened to him than having a matrimonial suit scornfully rejected by another young lady as well as by May. This other young lady, by the way, is the person we like best in the book. She was a canon's daughter, quite good, but extremely worldly, and she eventually married an old viscount, great-uncle to Miranda, and bore him a son, thereby preventing Miranda's father from inheriting the family title and estates. Generally speaking the story is told cleverly. This notice shall conclude with an extract illustrative of Mrs. Trollope at her most comic. The following sentence is spoken by an absurd spinster who had composed a worthless oratorio many years before, and had ever since posed as a musician. Selections from the work are being rehearsed for performance at a drawing-room concert:—

Oh, that is so sweet of you! Thank you a thousand times! If Mr. Simpson will kindly oblige us once more—? Now, you see, it is just here, on that G in alt, where the voice rises on the words "Grant, oh grant me my petition!" The sound "grant," according to my original conception, should be given with a sort of wail—not, of course, an unmusical sound, but just with a tinge of sadness expressive of the then miserable and depressed condition of the Jewish nation, and at the same time with a tone—an *underlying* tone, as it were—conveying the latent hope (which really was in Queen Esther's mind all along, you know) that by her efforts brighter days might yet be in store for them. You feel what I mean?

Deans and daughters, whether because they both begin with *d*, or for some more recondite reason, seem to be a good deal on the minds of purveyors of fiction. It would not be easy by any other general proposition to account for the title of Miss Veitch's lively story. The heroine does happen to be the offspring of a dean, but if her father had been any other gentleman of means residing in or near a country town—or, indeed, in any hunting country with a wild stretch of common or moorland and a river in it—her lot would have been just the same. Her name was Vera. They called her that because she was going to be so truthful. So she was generally, and often when it was inconvenient; but she lied when necessary with an ease and whole-heartedness that with ninety-nine virtuous persons out of a hundred can be acquired only by prolonged and painful practice. She was also like a Persian youth in being an extraordinarily good rider; in fact, her three principal accomplishments may be described as ability to ride, to speak the truth (sometimes), and to shoot—with the long bow. Her story is told in the first person singular, and in the first volume, where she does nothing worse than carry important messages on horseback, save lives, and fall desperately in love with an unhappily-married land-agent, who returns her affection, the story is fresh and pleasant, and she contrives to make herself rather attractive. From the middle of the book its merit declines. Her father, the dean, on his death-bed, pointed out to her that he had spent his life and his income in enjoying himself, and that therefore she must spend her life and the income she inherited from him in sacrificing herself for the good of others. She promised to do so, and as far as sacrificing herself went, kept her promise. She and the land-agent, though aware of their mutual passion, behaved with perfect propriety, and he eventually died without having ever quarrelled with his undesirable wife. But throughout the second

\* *Mistress Beatrice Cope*; or, *Passages in the Life of a Jacobite's Daughter*. By M. E. Le Clerc. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

*That Unfortunate Marriage*. By Frances Eleanor Trollope, Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "A Charming Fellow," &c. London: Bentley & Son. 1888.

*The Dean's Daughter*. By Sophie F. F. Veitch, Author of "Angus Graeme, Gamekeeper" &c. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1888.

*The Prophet's Mantle*. By Fabian Bland. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

*In the City of Flowers*; or, *Adelaide's Awakening*. By Emma Marshall, Author of "Under the Mendips" &c. London: Seeley & Co. 1889.

*Geraldine's Husband*. By Mary Macleod. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1888.



volume Vera and he were mixed up in a rather tedious intrigue about a will, which seems to the reader of far less consequence than it did to them. The windings of this complication need not be disclosed; but the climax of it was that Vera innocently incurred the perils of the law. The fact that we read of her fate without the least regret shows that Miss Veitch's main endeavour has not succeeded; but she is, at any rate, entitled to be congratulated on the discovery of a thoroughly unconventional ending for a romance dealing with the affections of a young and lovely female.

A prophet is not necessarily a giant; but a mantle can hardly fail to be a robe. Therefore the retentive mind which addresses itself to the consideration of "Fabian Bland's" novel without ignoring the recollection of Mr. Anstey's will not be in much doubt about the general lines of "Fabian Bland's" plot. The hero of the story and wearer of the mantle has to do with Nihilism; but happily those of his dealings with it which are here chronicled take place chiefly in England. The story is, in some ways, not a bad one. It has the fault, not uncommon in novels, that the three young gentlemen who figure in it appear to share with the author the wholly unjustifiable opinion that the very commonplace pretty young woman who serves as heroine is the only one worth considering in these islands. She does nothing to justify this view; for her want of originality is redeemed only by the idiotic folly exhibited by her when she discourses upon the fortune left to her by her father in the following terms:—"Of course, I can't disguise from myself that this money was made in the usual way, and that others have lost all that my father and his father have gained, and I wish I could think of some way in which it might give as much happiness as it would have done had it been left in the hands of the workers who toiled to produce it." The natural result of indulging in this sort of sentiment is that she bestows herself and her money, not on the artful wearer of the mantle, but on the wily prophet, who takes her to Russia, where we are given to understand that both their heads were cut off, and we hope they were. Offensive sentiments such as these, which are out of place everywhere except among the comparatively honest mendacities of professional Socialists, are the principal blemishes in what is otherwise rather a cleverly written story. If "Fabian Bland" would do his regenerating of mankind in a separate volume, which nobody need read, he might some day produce a very fair novel.

Adelaide thought she was an artist, and that Percival was in love with her. A disagreeable lady took her as companion to Florence, and there she awoke to the facts that she wasn't an artist, and that Godfrey was in love with her and she with him. These circumstances, with a stock dying child, and a stock Italian girl, who was an artist, and turned out to be also an English squire, make up the story, which is a little tedious, but has no harm in it. Lucia, the long-lost squire, was a model of all the virtues, and loved Godfrey, but gave him up because he loved Adelaide (and she him); and there can be little doubt that she is now a candidate for the County Council.

Geraldine married her husband without knowing much about him. He took her to live in a fine old country house, and gave her to understand that he was a Lord of Burleigh, at which she was much pleased. But, in fact, he was a Claude Melnotte, being only the agent of the property, with a childishly improbable claim to be the genuine B of B K to whom it belonged. When the truth came out they quarrelled and parted, but after a while illness re-united them. The improbable claim remained shrouded in mystery until Geraldine's sister, the comic child of the piece, looked in a venerable chest with a false bottom, and found papers which exploded the claim. So Geraldine had to make the best of a rather bad bargain.

#### THE HIGH-CASTE HINDU WOMAN.\*

THE extravaganzas of professional agitators and charlatans in India tend to many regrettable results, among which not the least unfortunate is their effect in diverting public attention from the many important and interesting problems which the present condition of Indian society presents, and on a rightful solution of which the future well-being of the country to so large an extent depends. While a chorus of Bengali Baboos fills the air with noisy declamation and duns the ear of authority with absurd and inadmissible demands, it is difficult to appreciate at their true worth the more modest claims of classes whose grievances are real and serious, and whose calm and sensible efforts at amelioration appeal forcibly to our sympathy and respect. There are, it is certain, many things in the existing conditions of Indian society which urgently require reformation. Year by year, as education covers a wider area and reaches a lower stratum of population, the consciousness of these evils becomes more acute, the possibility of improvement shapes itself in men's minds with increasing distinctness, and thoughtful and courageous natives venture with bolder step on the rugged path of reform. And the path of reform is very rugged. The English administrators of the country profess and practise an absolute neutrality, except in a few striking cases, in which British notions of right and wrong

are too gravely offended to admit of passivity. The English Government, after a long period of acquiescence, resolved, some sixty years ago, to suppress the custom of "Suttee"; it takes somewhat strenuous precautions against infanticide; it puts down certain forms of immorality with a high hand; and, most important change of all, it has swept away the tremendous penalties by which the Hindu religion safeguarded itself against the risk of secession from its ranks. But in all other respects the Government observes with scrupulous exactness its pledge that the customs and religion of the country shall be safe from interference, and that the existing law shall be faithfully administered in the Courts. Infinite pains are spent in ascertaining what the law is, and applying it to each new case as it presents itself. The effect has been to give to native customary law a rigidity which it did not previously possess—to crystallize, as it were, a system which had been hitherto in a more or less malleable condition. The Indian reformer, accordingly, finds himself confronted, not only by a tyrannical custom, but by distinct statutory enactment, or by judicial decisions which give to his religious books a precision and efficacy unknown in earlier periods of their history. A new and unexpected stage has been reached. Hindu law, which from the earliest times has undergone important modifications, can be modified no more; the growth of modifying custom is arrested. On the other hand, the English official is precluded from saying or doing anything which tends to invalidate existing law or to derogate from the authority of usage. However revolting to his feelings, he is constrained to enforce the Hindu code and the custom of the country, and to leave those to whom its enforcement means oppression or unhappiness to seek their remedies elsewhere.

This result has been especially conspicuous in the branch of domestic life with which the author of the present volume is concerned, the position of women in India. It is now historically certain that the rules of law which define that position are a complete departure from the primitive Aryan faith, in which the position of the woman was free, honourable, and happy. Even now there remain in the Hindu system indications of the important privileges which the Hindu wife, mother, and widow originally enjoyed. But at some stage of Brahminical ascendancy a successful attempt appears to have been made to degrade the woman's place, to curtail her rights, to load her with oppressive observances, to deprive the widow of her right of re-marriage, and to sanction the barbarous practice of Suttee. This last custom was, it is certain, a comparatively modern invention of the priesthood. It is mentioned by none of the earlier schools; it does not appear in the Code of Menu, and the alleged text in the *Rig-Veda*, by which it is sanctioned, is now ascertained to be a forgery. The context is sufficient refutation of the falsified text. "The *Rig-Veda*," says Max Müller, "so far from enforcing the burning of widows, shows clearly that this custom was not sanctioned during the earliest period of Indian history. According to the hymns of the *Rig-Veda* and the Vedic ceremonial contained in the *Grihya-sutras*, the wife accompanies the corpse of the husband to the funeral pile; but she is there addressed with a verse taken from the *Rig-Veda*, and ordered to leave her husband and to return to the world of the living. 'Rise, woman!' it said. 'Come to the world of life; thou sleepest nigh unto him whose life is gone. Come to us.'" "There is no doubt," says Professor Max Müller, "that the falsified text is really an exhortation to women who are not widows to approach the altar with sacrificial gifts. A slight alteration of the Sanscrit characters has sufficed to give the passage a totally different sense."

The prohibition of Suttee by Lord William Bentinck, and the more vigilant enforcement of the penal law, rescued the Indian widow from this particular horror, but it did nothing to ameliorate a lot which is still, unhappily, one long series of oppressions and degradations. The author gives an interesting account of the curious process by which texts, sanctioning the severest subjugation of woman as a dangerous, impure, and faithless animal, gradually superseded those earlier maxims in which the husband is commanded to treat his wife with respect and indulgence. "Women," says the text of Menu, "must be honoured and adorned by their fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law who desire their own welfare. Where women are honoured the gods are pleased; where they are not honoured no sacred rite yields rewards." A later wave of feeling swept away these amiable injunctions. Woman came to be treated as a necessary evil, whose spirit must be broken, whose malign influences must be counteracted, whose innate corruption requires constant vigilance and severe coercion. "Woman," says one proverb, "is a great whirlpool of suspicion, a dwelling-place of vices, a hindrance in the way of heaven, the gate of hell." On the widow, especially, the vials of hatred and contempt are poured out. It is really difficult to conceive how, in a race of beings so amiable and gentle as the Hindus, so detestably cruel a system can have grown up as that which the sacred texts prescribe in the case of widows, and which, there is every reason to believe, contemporary usage actually carries into force. The lot of the Hindu wife is, too often, an unhappy one, torn as she is almost in infancy from her natural protectors and committed to the custody of a mother-in-law, whose principal aim is to reduce her to absolute submissiveness. But the fate of the widow, especially the childless widow, is unfortunately more deplorable. Superstition suggests that she has been the cause of her husband's

\* *The High-Caste Hindu Woman*. By Paudita Ramabai Sarasvati. London: George Bell & Sons. 1888.

decease, and she is the victim accordingly of every sort of opprobrium and unkindness. She is clad in sombre and common clothes; her well-loved jewels are stripped off; her head is shaved; she is debarred from all family feasts and rejoicings; she must eat only a single meal in the twenty-four hours; she must not show herself on an auspicious occasion; she is called by a term of infamy; she is kept a close prisoner to the house, and forbidden to associate with any but a few of her elder relations. Her existence is one of hardship, drudgery, and penitential observances. "The young widow's life," says the author, "is rendered intolerable in every possible way." Against this monstrous perversion of human feeling, it is natural that Hindu women of education and intelligence should raise an indignant protest. The cruelty practised towards the widow is but the most striking of a series of indignities to which the Hindu woman is, throughout her entire existence, exposed. Some of these are incompatible with any real civilization. It is inconceivable, for instance, that English Courts will for long continue to decree the consummation of child marriages in cases where the infant bride and bridegroom have never met, and where one of the parties, on reaching years of discretion, refuses to cohabit. This point was decided a year or two ago in the case of Rukhmabai at Bombay, and it is certain that the obligation which the judgment in that case recognized is one which no Government not cynically indifferent to the claims of human sentiment will allow to be enforced. Educated and refined women, the number of whom in India is now rapidly increasing, will not consent, whatever the law may say, to be treated like animals, and to be driven into the society of men whose only claim to them depends on a ceremony of betrothal gone through in the infancy of both parties concerned. Luchmabai's case sealed the doom of infant marriages, and public opinion will no doubt at no distant date necessitate such an alteration of the law as will obviate the recurrence of so grave a perversion of the uses for which courts of justice were designed.

The author is a most effective advocate of the cause she has at heart. She writes with dignity, pathos, deep and earnest conviction, and—rarer quality in reformers—good sense and moderation. She knows that a revolution in the social habits of a great nation, bound on every side by a huge growth of immemorial custom, cannot be effected at a single stroke, or by the summary process of legislative enactment. It must come, she acknowledges, from the gradual growth of right feeling in the community, and the gradual conquest of barbarous and senseless usages by enlightenment and education. She hopes that something may be done by letting in some gleams of light upon the black night of ignorance which now hangs like a pall over the entire female population of India. Of 99½ million women enumerated in the Census of 1880-1, all but 200,000 were returned as unable to read and write, and of this minority, all but an inappreciable fraction possessed merely the barest rudiments of a child's education. Several Hindu ladies, however, have within the last few years burst the fetters of their lot, and shown a splendid capacity for the higher departments of science. Dr. Anandibai Jorjee, to whom the author pays a well-deserved tribute of affection and esteem, is a brilliant example of the courage, magnanimity, and intellectual resources now too commonly lost to the world, crushed into passive endurance by the barbarous customs of the Zenana. This lady, it may be remembered, made her way to England and thence to America, achieved distinguished proficiency in medicine, and was cut off by a premature death at the very moment when she was returning to enrich her countrywomen with the results of her hardly-acquired knowledge. The author's own family history sounds like a romance. Her mother was handed over when nine years old to a husband, whom her parents met accidentally while on a pilgrimage, on the banks of the river Godavari. The husband, Ananta Shastri, was a devotee of learning, and carried off his child bride, first to his home in Southern India, and thence, when family circumstances proved unfavourable to his scheme, to a remote plateau in the forests of the Western Ghats. Thenceforward the husband devoted himself to the wife's education. The student became famous, and his haunt acquired a reputation for sanctity. Here the author was born, and here the mother imparted to her little daughter the precious store of knowledge which she had gained from her husband's instructions. After many adventurous wanderings, the author, now left alone in the world, resolved to devote herself to the attempt to better the condition of her countrymen, and visited England and America in the prosecution of this laudable object. Her intention is now to return to India, and to found houses in which high-caste Hindu widows may find shelter from the miseries of their lot without the risk of losing caste, and may enjoy opportunities of a superior education, so as to become fitted for the duties of teachers, governesses, and nurses, or be trained in some congenial handicraft. These houses will be under the superintendence of influential Hindu ladies and gentlemen, assisted by English and American teachers; and they would no doubt, besides affording in many instances an escape from a most unhappy existence, prove valuable centres for the diffusion of instruction among the female portion of the population. There are about twenty millions of widows in India, of whom nearly seven hundred thousand are under nineteen years of age. As matters stand they are doomed to an existence of degradation and unhappiness, more profound than often falls to the lot of humanity. It is impossible not to sympathize with the author in her well-intentioned efforts to relieve so defenceless and

suffering a class. The present little volume has been published with a view of raising sufficient funds for the development of her scheme; its unaffected grace and pathos can scarcely fail to secure many adherents to the cause.

#### THE ART OF ETCHING.\*

BOUND by Zaehnsdorf, and printed luxuriously on Japanese paper, Mr. Frank Short's brief treatise *On the Making of Etchings* should be a joy to the book-lover. It is a dainty little quarto of thirty-four pages, issuing from the Chiswick Press, with a frontispiece, by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, of a "Norfolk Mill," and a very charming "White Hart Tavern, Battersea," by the author, who has also scratched a pleasant "Envoi," which is besides an advertisement of the well-known establishment of Mr. Dunthorne of Vigo Street, the publisher of the book. The text, which is conveniently illustrated by little marginal sketches of tools, &c., deals, as the title of the book implies, with methods and procedure rather than with the artistic aspects of the question. But those who need enlightenment (and there are still many who think a pen-and-ink drawing is an etching) will find very clearly and simply explained in these pages all that it is necessary to know about the plate and the bath, biting and stopping, dry-point and soft-ground—in fact, with one exception, everything that is required to make them etchers such as the clever artists by whom the manual is illustrated. Unhappily, for that one exception there is no known receipt.

#### CHARLES THE GREAT.†

AS a record of events Dr. Mombert's *History of Charles the Great* is an admirable piece of work. Scarcely a single fact has escaped his notice, and he has entered far more minutely into several of the affairs of Charles's reign than any other historian who has written in English—indeed, though he has consulted the works of many German historians, he has, so he tells us, given his readers a good deal of matter which he has "not seen in any living tongue." Strangely enough, almost the only point which he has treated with some lack of thoroughness is the part taken by the Frankish King and Emperor with reference to English affairs. We have not, for example, found any mention of the hospitality which Charles extended to Egbert, of the flight of Queen Edburga to his Court, or of the famous story of how she chose the Emperor's son Lewis in preference to his father for her second husband, or of Charles's intention to punish the Northumbrians for the murder of their king, Ethelred. He has written from original authorities, and has used them with critical discrimination; for, as he shows in a "literary note" at the end of his volume, he has a thorough knowledge of the relative value of each of his authors. His subject scarcely admits of strictly chronological treatment, and he has therefore divided his work according to the nature of the transactions which he recounts, rather than according to their sequence in point of time; while he has given all that the most exacting reader can demand in the way of dates in the margin of the text and in his "Chronological Annals." While, however, we gladly acknowledge the excellence of his work as far as it goes, we must express our regret that he has for the most part been content to record facts without pointing out their significance; he has not attempted to define the place which his hero holds in the history of the world, or to trace the effects of his conquests and general policy on the fortunes of the peoples included in his Empire. We have seldom, if ever, met with a book of anything like the same importance so deficient in breadth of view, or written with such a total disregard of all that makes history really valuable; it is a treasure-house of facts, accurately ascertained and generally well arranged, but it is scarcely anything more. Even the Imperial coronation, which is described at considerable length, as of course it deserves to be, hardly elicits a line of comment on the bearing of the event on the civil and ecclesiastical development of Europe. A book written in this fashion is almost necessarily heavy reading; at all events, its interest depends on the literary skill of the author. In this case we have no such relief. As Dr. Mombert is dealing with the life and actions of an historic personage, no one can complain of his choosing to call him by the translated and modern English equivalent of his Latin contemporary name rather than by the later appellation of Charlemagne, which also belonged to a hero of romance; other names of general use are given in the forms most familiar to English readers—Pepin and Aix-la-Chapelle, for instance, being preferred to Pippin and Aachen. This is a matter of little importance, for no one who reads Dr. Mombert's book will imagine that these forms denote that Pepin was a Frenchman, or that Aix-la-Chapelle was the residence of a French Emperor. He should not, however, have been guilty of saying that Leo III. sent an envoy to "Great Britain," or have described the English Alcuin as a "Briton." Nor, though, as he tells us, he shrinks from anything "pedantic," was it wise to exhibit this feeling by indulging in such a startling combination as "Serenissimus Charles Augustus."

\* *On the Making of Etchings.* By Frank Short. London: Dunthorne. 1888.

† *A History of Charles the Great (Charlemagne).* By J. I. Mombert, D.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.



Although the royal dignity was not assumed by any member of the Carolingian house before the election of Pepin in 752, both his father and his grandfather exercised royal power in the names of kings of the Merovingian dynasty. The accession to power of the Austrasian Mayors of the Palace ushers in a new epoch in the history of the Franks, and, indeed, in the history of Europe; and the work of Charles the Great cannot be considered satisfactorily apart from the projects and achievements of his immediate ancestors. Dr. Mombert, has, therefore, done well to introduce his work on his proper subject by giving an account of the doings of Pepin and the earlier Charles, and he would have done better if he had begun by pointing out the significance of the elder Pepin's victory at Testry. Although he gives some slight notices of the wars between the Neustrians and the Austrasians, he does not tell us how this victory secured the predominance not merely of the Carolingian house, but of the Teutonic element in the population subject to the Frankish kings. The Frank of Neustria, who dwelt among the Gauls, and had probably to some extent come under the influence of Rome, was forced to yield to the purely Frankish Austrasian. The triumph of the German race was involved in the accession of a line of rulers under whom Gallic Neustria sank into political insignificance, and who held their Court, not at Paris, Soissons, or Orleans, but—and here German forms seem most appropriate—at Heerstall, Worms, Aachen, or Engellheim. The acquisition of undisputed power by the House of Pepin of Landen signifies a renewal of the Frankish predominance in Romanized Gaul. It was followed by many changes, which began for the most under Charles Martel or Pepin, and were completed by Charles the Great. Dr. Mombert gives a full narrative of the new relations between the Frankish kings and the Papacy. In his chapter on the overthrow of the Lombard kingdom he is somewhat over-sceptical as to the Donation of Charles. It is perfectly true that we cannot tell exactly what was implied by the Donation; but that it was actually made is, we think, beyond all question, for Pope Hadrian evidently speaks of it in more than one of the letters to which we are referred by Dr. Mombert himself. The conquest of Lombardy completed the work which had been contemplated by Charles Martel and attempted by Pepin; the Pope learnt that he could safely rely on the support of the Frankish patrician of the Romans. Leo III. on his accession strengthened the bond between his Church and its defender. He soon had need of Charles's help; and Dr. Mombert shows clearly that the events which immediately preceded the coronation of 800 prove almost beyond question that Charles entered Italy with the intention of receiving the Imperial dignity. Against this we must set the distinct declaration of Einhard, which is explained here as signifying that Charles was annoyed at the Pope's manner of performing the coronation. "He divined," we are told, "the Pope's motive," and dreaded lest the act should be turned into a precedent "which might be cited in support of the Papal claim to the bestowal of the Imperial crown." Stated thus strongly, this theory seems to imply that Charles had a greater insight into the future than is at all probable. Nevertheless it is, as we are reminded, to some extent supported by the course which the Emperor pursued with reference to his son Louis. It is, perhaps, enough to say that Charles's expression of annoyance reported by Einhard probably means that he had intended the ceremony to be performed in another way and at another time, and that he considered that the Pope took too much upon himself by thus crowning him as of his own motion. As regards the import of the coronation, we are dogmatically told that "the notion of a transfer is absurd," and that Leo simply restored the office "which more than three centuries before had lapsed with Momyllus Augustulus, the last Emperor of the West." If Dr. Mombert will consult Professor Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*—to which, by the way, we do not think that he makes a single reference—he will see how utterly he is mistaken on this point. It would be superfluous to repeat arguments already so well stated in a book so widely known: it is enough to say that Professor Bryce makes it clear that "neither Leo nor Charles dreamt of reviving" the separate Western Empire; they professed that they were "legitimately filling up the place of the deposed Constantine VI." The position which Charles took up as regards the Church at large is forcibly illustrated by the extracts given from his Capitularies. He was "a bishop of bishops," and gave his orders to clerk and layman alike on every matter connected with ecclesiastical discipline. In condemning the heresy of the Spanish bishops he was, of course, in full accord with Pope Hadrian; but his action with regard to the decrees of the Second Council of Nicea was directly opposed to the Papal policy. He tried to persuade the Pope to pronounce against the decrees; and, failing in this attempt, persisted in his own purpose, and caused them to be condemned by the Council of Frankfurt, over which he presided.

The religious side of Charles's wars against heathen and infidels is well brought out. Baptism was the sign of conquest and the declaration of allegiance, a return to paganism the invariable accompaniment of revolt. Although he forced Christianity upon the Saxons with the sword, he did not neglect to forward missionary work among them, and some, though evidently less effectual, measures were taken to instruct the Avars. His expedition against the Arabs of Spain, famous in romance for the death of Roland, was undertaken for religious as well as for worldly ends, and his desire for conquest was combined with the belief that his "coming would quicken the hope of deliverance slumbering in many Christian hearts." The Saxon

war is treated at considerable length. For the most part it is an obscure story, for in all his eighteen campaigns there were only two battles of any importance, and of Wittekind, the single heroic figure on the Saxon side, we know but little. Still it is well that the struggle, which lasted more or less for three-and-thirty years, should be carefully chronicled; it was an extraordinary display of national and pagan valour against a civilized and Christian invader, it exhibits the savage side of Charles's character, and it greatly hindered his schemes of organization. We are told, for what reason we cannot imagine, that the war ended "ingloriously." The victory of the Franks, obtained it is true by much cruelty, was complete and abiding in its effects; it may almost be said to have been the first step towards the attainment of German unity. But Dr. Mombert is rather apt to use epithets which seem inappropriate, and for which he offers no defence. For example, in his remarks on the despotism of Charles, he calls the Franks a "downtrodden" people, and elsewhere speaks of the "terrible" simplicity of the oath of allegiance. His account of the attempt of Charles to establish his dominion over the Venetians strikes us as unsatisfactory. The details are intricate, and he fails to make them clear, or to bring out the firmness with which the Venetians clung to their allegiance to Nicephorus. While the character of the Emperor's government and his methods of administration receive a fair amount of attention, we notice here, as elsewhere, an absence of breadth of view and philosophic treatment. A good description is given of Charles's private life and family history, and some extracts from the courtly poem of Angilbert afford a lively picture of his bevy of fair daughters. A separate chapter is devoted to the palace school, and the literary pursuits of the coterie in which Charles was addressed as David, and each member assumed some pseudonym. As we are told that the dialogue was the distinctive feature of Alcuin's instruction, we are almost forced to believe that Dr. Mombert is unaware that this method of teaching was in common use at this period. His translations of epitaphs and poems are surely superfluous, for his book will scarcely be read except by historical scholars; their singular infelicity may fairly be illustrated by his rendering of one of the rolling lines of a lament for the Emperor:—

Quando Augustum facundumque Carolum in Aquisgrani glebe  
terre tradidit,

which in his translation appears as:—

When on the Aquisgranian glebe she gave  
To earth her eloquent Augustus Charles.

#### THE EGYPT OF TO-DAY.\*

EGYPT is more familiar to the contemporary tourist than Italy was to the tourist of twenty years ago. It is far more familiar than Spain, or even than Portugal, which lies so near our own doors. That this should be the case is due to a variety of causes—the British occupation, for example, the invalid's certainty of finding the clear sky he seeks, the ease and celerity of the voyage, the very remarkable and by no means to be overlooked supremacy of that ubiquitous person Mr. Thomas Cook, who has reduced the system of Nile travel to an exact science, and, by the virtual monopoly he enjoys, obliges every Egyptian voyager to patronize him, with or without approval. The old days of the dahabieh are fast waning. There used to be something romantic in the comparative loneliness of the Nile voyage. Some parties have gone the thousand miles up, of which Miss Edwards writes so delightfully, and back again, without any social intercourse with travellers in other boats. For exclusive people, for shy people, for people who wanted to travel tranquilly and to avoid gaiety, this dahabieh voyage was most attractive. A climate like that of the finest day in the Jubilee summer, an absence of mosquitoes, and in Nubia even of flies, a certain uncertainty of destination, so unlike a railway journey "on the Continent," to say nothing of the Oriental picturesqueness and the antiquarian associations of the surroundings, made the old Nile voyage an event in a lifetime. For any one suffering from overwork or anxiety it was simply specific. You could receive letters at intervals of about a fortnight if you happened to hit upon a post town on a suitable day. There was no use in worrying yourself about the mails, and you soon grew accustomed to all kinds of irregularity; while the impossibility of sending or receiving a telegram added a new pleasure to life. Moreover, it was a very luxurious way of travelling. You carried your house, snail-like, about with you; but it was not a mere shell, a tent into which you could retire to sleep. It was a small floating palace. You had your own servants, your own cuisine, your library, your bath, your piano—all, in short, that the Englishman who travels misses most. To cultivated folk, those who took an interest in hieroglyphs and hypæthral temples and the old mythology—like Miss Edwards, for example—the voyage was unmixed happiness. The atmosphere gives a buoyancy to the spirits which is reflected in every page of her book; while the absence of society and engagements, and what are so improperly called diversions, enabled her to concentrate her mind on a piece of work which has contributed as much as anything to transform the Egypt of 1874 into the Egypt of 1888, and still more of 1889.

\* *A Winter on the Nile.* By Canon Bell. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

*A Thousand Miles up the Nile.* By Amelia B. Edwards. Second edition, revised. London: Routledge. 1889.

This is the Egypt of Canon Bell. The dahabieh is becoming scarce; but if you insist on taking one all the old arrangements are changed. You have no longer to spend a fortnight in Cairo in preparing for the voyage under the tutelage of an autocratic dragoman. You have no longer to buy stores and add to the furniture, and write a careful contract in which the dragoman always contrived to evade the important item; you have no longer to superintend any of the arrangements. Mr. Cook does all that. Should there be contrary winds, you will be towed. Should you run out of groceries, a passing Cook's excursion steamer supplies them. Should you wish to telegraph home in English, Mr. Cook has arranged for the establishment each winter at suitable points of a staff of Coptic clerks who can do what you wish in English better than your own. When Miss Edwards went up in 1874 there was not a single hotel above Cairo. Now there are hotels at the Pyramids, at Siout, and at Luxor, if not in other places, where a traveller may stay if he wishes it for months. Instead of the pleasant, leisurely, exclusive dahabieh, all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children go up in Cook's steamer to Luxor, or, going by train about half-way to Siout, take his mail steamer, which performs the voyage in less than half the time, and skips most of the ruined temples and ancient tombs. Of course, steamers are not like dahabiehs. The company on board resembles that in the boat which brought you from England, and is somewhat mixed, to say the least, but crammed into a very minute space. Here is the hard-headed Scottish philosopher, who denies everything, even that a clue has been found to hieroglyphs; there is the tender-hearted English divine, who believes in everything, even in the domestic morals of the Moslems. The American girl who enjoys everything, even to being shipwrecked, may be contrasted with the solemn spectacled German who does his Nile still more *tristement* than the English. When you reach Luxor, you find every comfort at two rival hotels both immensely improved since the place has become a regular health resort. They are always full of boarders, people for the most part who come for the climate, and not for the antiquities, and many of whom do not even condescend to join the "personally conducted" excursions to Medinet Abou or the Biban el Mulouk. At the table-d'hôte there is but little talk about the wonderful local surroundings. You hear a great deal about English politics, Home Rule, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and other historic and fictitious persons and subjects; and it is only when a stray emissary from a European museum chances to come by that way that half a dozen visitors try to pick his brains, and there is more than a passing allusion to Egyptology.

The change is still more marked in Cairo. That city literally swarms each winter now with English and Americans. There are English clubs, English churches—in fact, all kinds of English institutions down to English bars. What our countrymen spend in Cairo must have an appreciable effect on the revenue. But the old Cairo, of which Miss Martineau and Miss Edwards wrote, has wholly departed. There are no longer boards over the Mousky. There are names in Arabic and English at the street corners. There are hackney carriages innumerable where there used to be only donkeys. Ladies do not ride donkeys now; and there is a Society for the prevention of raw backs. The donkey boy is no longer fined for acting as dragoman; and the dragoman himself is tending to extinction. The roads about the town are smooth and macadamized; there are water-carts in place of the old *sakkas* with their skins; there are side paths in the larger streets, and wide *boulevards* planted with green and flourishing trees and carefully swept. The transformation has been effected at the expense of much picturesqueness, while, except in the one matter of smells, it is open to question whether the improvement is real. The death-rate continues to be high, and zymotic diseases, which used to be looked upon as importations from Italy, are now endemic, and claim their regular percentage of victims every year. Nevertheless, society in Cairo in winter is very gay. There are race meetings at Gesireh, and balls at the Agency and in other great houses. Sarah Bernhardt acts at the Khedivial Theatre, and there are bazaars and fancy fairs and reviews, just as in London. Here and there an antiquary may be found learned in the lore of Boulak or the Arab museum in the Mosque of Hakeem; but students are rare, especially from England, except in the form of faddists—people who believe in the Pyramid inch and seek diligently for the Land of Goshen. There is a refreshing absence of this kind of thing from the pages of Miss Edwards, and we are glad to welcome "a new and cheaper edition," revised and corrected to date, but otherwise unaltered, and with all the pretty woodcuts which illustrated the former edition. Of the political changes since 1877 which have come over Egypt Miss Edwards takes no notice; nor does she say anything about the altered conditions under which travellers now perform the Nile trip. The notes, which contain the latest information, including Mr. Flinders Petrie's discoveries, add greatly to the value of the book.

A *Winter on the Nile* tells us how the voyage is now performed, and is a pleasant, brightly-written volume, containing the impressions of an educated and somewhat sentimental traveller, who, without any of the special scientific knowledge of Miss Edwards, was yet able to appreciate and enjoy what he saw. Canon Bell occasionally breaks into poetry, and several chapters end with a sonnet. Some of these poems are but measured prose; but there is something very like real poetry in one or two, the Theban Plain and the Vocal Memnon inspiring the best verses in the book.

#### BOLINGBROKE.\*

THE attention which has been paid to Bolingbroke of late, after nearly a century of neglect, may be explained in various ways. The appearance of MacKnight's book—though, practically, all more recent discussion is based on it—can hardly be said to have been a determining cause; for it had been for a very long time in the hands of readers before, in the last three or four years, Mr. Harrop, Mr. Churton Collins, and now Mr. Hassall, attacked the subject. Something may be due to the attention drawn, some decade ago, to the strong influence of Bolingbroke on Lord Beaconsfield; more, perhaps, to the natural law which seems to determine periodical recurrences of the study of men and of work possessing the indefinable quality of being "out of the common." Such men and such work may, from time to time, go out of fashion, and seem forgotten; but they are certain of their revenge.

Mr. Hassall has done the work incumbent on a series-writer very well on the whole. He has far better judgment and knowledge, and sticks much more to his points, than Mr. Harrop; he has none of the somewhat empty rhetoric, imitated from Macaulay, which mars the work, valuable for knowledge if not for judgment, of Mr. Collins. Here and there his style would bear a little polishing, and though we by no means wish to insist too strongly on the duty of the historian to take a moral point of view, he certainly rather slurs over those failings of Bolingbroke's which had not a little to do with his ill success at crucial moments. On the other hand, he speaks but the bare truth when he admits that Bolingbroke's philosophy is practically worthless. If it had not, by one of the strange chances of history, passed from him into the minds and coloured the utterances of the two most influential men of letters in France and England—Pope and Voltaire—it would scarcely be worth a thought. To Bolingbroke's political talents he is hardly too complimentary in degree. But we think he rates them rather too high in kind; and, as this is much the most important part of the matter, we shall confine our remarks to it.

As to the Peace of Utrecht, Mr. Hassall takes the sensible view which, after being long decried and poohpoohed, has been of late obtaining more and more—the view that the treaty was a very good treaty indeed for England. We cannot quite follow him in his excuses for the betrayal of the Catalans, which was a gross blunder as well as a heavy disgrace. On all other points we are, as we have made clear on former occasions, at one with him. But we fail again to follow his account of the great puzzle of all—the events and the rationale of the events of those five days at the end of Queen Anne's reign when Bolingbroke was apparently master of England, and the expiration of which saw him, as a political force acting independently, a mere *puissance finie*, vigorously as he struggled for the rest of his life. His present biographer is quite certain that Bolingbroke "never had any settled design of bringing in James Edward." He wanted, according to Mr. Hassall, to construct a kind of Tory bureaucratic oligarchy, which could have forced George I. to rule by its means. It is ill arguing, especially in a small space, on a subject where literally nothing is certainly known. But we shall suggest two things to Mr. Hassall. On his own page 93 he names, as the head of the Jacobite Highfliers, the Legitimists who "desired, under any circumstances, to bring about the restoration of the Stuarts." Ormond, Harcourt, Buckingham, and Atterbury. On p. 106 he names these four, with the only less Jacobitical Bromley, Mar, and Wyndham, as the intended Ministers in Bolingbroke's abortive Government, and yet thinks that the result of such a Government would have been only that "George would have been unable to" govern without it. Do these things agree together? Again, on p. 103, he assigns as the cause of the failure of an arrangement at the famous dinner given on the day of Oxford's dismissal by Bolingbroke to the Whig leaders, Bolingbroke's rejection of the removal of the Pretender to a distance. No doubt the ostensible reason was that "the Queen would not consent." But does not this point to a "settled design"?

The fact, we think, is—and we think also that Mr. Hassall in his mainly well-deserved encomiums on Bolingbroke's statesmanship has overlooked it—that Bolingbroke's fault, the fault which forfeits him the title of "great," was that he had no principles. We do not mean that he was in the common sense "unprincipled"—still less that he deserved the lavish and almost frantic abuse which has been heaped upon him by some writers, and which Mr. Hassall justly reprobates. But neither in politics nor still less in ethics or religion had he any definite first principles to which his various actions were constantly referred. He was a magnificent tactician in statesmanship; but not, we think, a great strategist. His Toryism was admirable when it had to prompt means of dishing the Whigs, and it had some great and generous features. But it was utterly inconsistent, with its blending of Republicanism and contempt for the *profanum vulgus*. His Deism is less surprising in contrast to his early manipulation of ecclesiastical prejudices than it is for its own haphazard and unphilosophical character. It is a tissue of smart observations which any moderately clever man could have made on obvious difficulties, not a reasoned system. And his politics, though the cleverness here was far greater, had just the same defect. For mediate ends, such as the extrusion

\* *Statesmen Series—Bolingbroke.* By Arthur Hassall. London: W. H. Allen.



of the Whigs from power, or as the conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht—perhaps even, had he had time, for the carrying out of his own scheme of a Tory “new model”—he was great, almost unmatched. But he was incapable of referring such proceedings to an ultimate end in one way as in another, of accepting what may be called the philosophy of legitimism as of accepting the philosophy of democracy. Too logical to be a Whig, he was not quite logical enough to be a thorough Jacobite on principle, or a thorough Democrat on principle. And therefore, playing at politics as a series of clever games rather than as a system based on principle, he found himself twice over beaten at the supreme moment by worse players than himself, who had the luck of the cards. He is a great political moral, is Bolingbroke.

#### GUILDS.\*

THE preface which Mrs. Walford has written to her late husband's work tells us that this volume was printed in the *Antiquarian* in chapters, and is now republished with as little alteration or addition as possible. The magazine articles themselves appear to have been enlarged from a former edition—as to which, however, we are not told anything. Mr. Walford was well known for his researches into legal antiquities, and was at the time of his lamented death engaged on a history of periodical literature—a subject better suited, perhaps, to his peculiar methods of research than that of guilds, or as he, with somewhat pedantic accuracy, wrote the word, “gilds.” A single sentence in the preface shows us exactly where he may be said to have “gone off the line.” There still remains in Mrs. Walford's hands “much interesting matter relating to foreign and religious gilds,” we are told; and, without straining the meaning of words, how can we doubt that Mr. Walford thought of religious guilds as a thing apart? This mistake, as we cannot but consider it, runs through all the work, and enhances greatly the reader's difficulty in mastering the subject. We must assume—and an exception, if one can be found, would only go to prove the rule—that every gild was religious. Some, no doubt, were more religious than others, and some were wholly religious, such as those which resembled the modern Italian *Misericordia*. The first chapter is very unsatisfactory and inconclusive. The author evidently would have liked to connect English guilds with the *collegia opificum* of the Romans, but puts the proposition very tentatively, and honestly quotes the decisions of Mr. Toulmin Smith and Dr. Brentano against such a theory. Mr. Toulmin Smith, who was certainly a first-rate authority, in another passage spoke still more strongly than in the lines quoted by Mr. Walford, because not only did he say that “none of our Gilds were ever founded on such a basis,” but also that there is not “the shadow of an analogy” between Roman and English institutions of this kind. It is a pity, therefore, to set up a puppet merely to knock it down and trample on it. Mr. Walford does not seem to have remembered a passage in Giraldus where he says the Guildhall is so called from the resort to it of drinkers. Otherwise he might have come to some conclusion as to the origin and meaning of the word. As it is, he gives us several rival theories, such as the very questionable suggestion of Dr. Brentano that the word is Welsh. “He also,” says Mr. Walford, “in support quotes the Dutch word *gilde*, a feast.” How a Dutch word can support a Welsh derivation we confess we do not see; but there Mr. Walford leaves the question, having thoroughly puzzled his readers and settled nothing. He, or his editor, might well have quoted the opinion of a learned American writer, Dr. Seligman, who simply remarks “the word gild originally denoted a common payment.” Nothing can be clearer than this brief and conclusive statement.

As the chapters proceed the same indefiniteness becomes more and more apparent. Dr. Brentano is constantly quoted, and with him other authors by no means so trustworthy. The second chapter is on the objects of guilds, which are classed under twenty-one heads, beginning with “relief in poverty,” and ending with the “repair of churches.” The reader who fancies he is coming to something definite will, however, be disappointed. The author does not pursue the subject further. The third chapter is headed “Frith Gilds”; but there is nothing told of frith guilds to distinguish them from any other, except that, “when the community became enlarged into a town, it sometimes took the shape of a town or Corporate Gild; or, failing this, the members merged into the larger and more general Religious or Social Gilds.” The meaning of this passage is not clear. It does not offer us any reason for classing “Frith Gilds” by themselves, and it does not explain how a community could “become enlarged into a town.” In fact, the whole statement amounts to this. There were frith guilds which sometimes became town guilds and sometimes did not. The same might be said of any other organization of the kind. It did, or did not, become something else. Next we have a chapter on “Religious Gilds”; but we are not told how they differed from frith guilds, nor yet from the Guilds of Kalanders, who are noticed in the fifth chapter. There is, of course, something about the ancient Romans, and something borrowed from Dr. Brentano, and we come to the end of the chapter on learning that “these probably were the only Gilds which ever fell within the strict definition of Religious Gilds.” A “strict

definition” is exactly what we want; but, as before, the subject is not pursued further. The sixth chapter relates to “Social Gilds”; but in what respect they differed from frith guilds and religious guilds we are not informed, and all the communities mentioned were dedicated in some religious name—such as the Annunciation, the Trinity, St. Katherine, St. Barbara, St. George, and *Corpus Christi*. Why these, more than any other, were social and not religious or frith guilds, we are not informed. The next chapter is on “Merchant Gilds”; and we chiefly note in it a singularly mistaken statement. Mr. Walford seems to have believed that the London Guildhall was originated by the Hanse merchants, and was called *Gilhalda Theutonicorum*. The whole passage is very curious. It occurs on p. 20, and is so typical of the style and historical method of the book that we are tempted to quote it in detail. We are told that, as early as the tenth century, certain monks in North Germany were engaged in commerce. “These were known as the Grand Masters of the Teutonic Orders. They founded a branch in London in the reign of Edward the Confessor, in the eleventh century, under the name of *Gilhalda Theutonicorum*. In this designation we have the direct derivation of the word Gildhall, the Hall of the Gilds; which designation survives long after the Order itself has passed away. The Order in London became afterwards a branch of the *Hanseatic League*; and yet later was designated as the Merchants of the Steelyard, which latter were swept away by Queen Elizabeth in 1597. The Lombards then reigned in their stead.” This astonishing passage really occurs in the book. We have quoted it to show that we are fully justified in distrusting the historical competence of the writer, and we cannot but think the well-known editor and author, who, as mentioned in the preface, assisted Mrs. Walford in putting the book through the press, and who used to be well known for his researches into London history, might have used a pruning-knife here with advantage. We need not go further into these preliminary chapters, but pass to those headed “Chronological Review,” which are vastly superior, though the quotations, which abound, are often from very questionable sources. The details of acts relating to guilds are very interesting. At p. 85 we have a statement which cannot be accepted as at all complete. The provisions of the Act of 1547 were, we are told, “very sweeping,” and “secured the practical annihilation of all the Gilds except those of the merchant and municipal class.” But, in truth, it annihilated the merchant and municipal guilds as effectually as any other. The old confusion between religious and non-religious guilds comes in again. The earlier part of the book fails to show us a single gild that was not religious. Every gild merchant was religious, as was every craft gild. The great result of the Act was that it separated the religious from the secular element. The gild merchant became a municipal corporation, and some municipal corporations, like that of London, bought in their guildlands, forfeited to the King. Some of the craft guilds were wholly ruined, as they had no land not subject to “guildable” purposes. Others, however, like the tailors’ “Guild of St. John,” were able to raise enough money to do as the Corporation had done, and retained their estates, but ceased to be guilds. To call a modern City Company a gild is not only erroneous but unlawful, and expressly contrary to the Act.

The rest of Mr. Walford's book contains a geographical survey of his subject, which goes through the whole of England alphabetically from Berkshire to Yorkshire, and is by far the best part of it. The chief rules of all the guilds in each place are set forth, and though the method pursued makes a critical comparison difficult, still the matter here gathered will afford valuable assistance to some future writer. It is characteristic that under Middlesex are grouped all the London guilds, there being, in fact, only one Middlesex gild mentioned—that, namely, of Staines.

#### THE FALL IN PRICES.\*

WE have read this book carefully through in the hope of finding something that we might commend; but our search has been in vain. It is a tissue of undigested facts, of mistaken assertions, and of inconsequent arguments. It starts with the statement that “In no commodity is it the quantity in existence, but the quantity offered for sale, that determines the value.” As a matter of fact our readers know that the market value, which Mr. Crump no doubt means, is largely affected by supplies, which for the time being are withheld from the market. For example, what are called the visible supplies—the supplies, that is, that are known to be stored up, or in the hands of producers—are always an element in market estimation. Even the probability that the supply will in the course of months increase or diminish has an effect upon prices, as is seen every summer by the eagerness with which the effect of the weather upon the growing crops is watched. Nay, even a mere proposal to put on or take off a protective duty will instantly affect prices. But Mr. Crump is not satisfied with the general statement. He descends to particulars, and asserts that “the money in the coffers of the Bank, or retained as a reserve by private banks, does not act on prices until drawn out, nor even then unless drawn out to be expended in commodities.” In other words, Mr. Crump is of

\* *Gilds: their Origin, Constitution, Objects, and later History.* By the late Cornelius Walford. London: Redway. 1888.

\* *An Investigation into the Causes of the Great Fall in Prices.* By Arthur Crump. London: Longmans & Co.

opinion that only the money actually in circulation has any influence upon prices. And yet in another part of the volume he quotes as an indisputable fact Tooke's statement that "nineteenths, or more probably ninety-nine hundredths, of the purchases and sales of the wholesale markets are transacted through the medium of book-debts or simple credit and cheques on bankers." When Tooke wrote the use of cheques was almost confined to the wholesale trade, but now their use is becoming very general in the retail trade, as seems to be proved by some very striking figures given by Mr. Bertram Currie, of Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., in his evidence before the Gold and Silver Commission. In 1880, Mr. Currie tells us, the total number of cheques drawn on country banks for which Glyn's acted as agents was, in three selected days, 19,950, and the number of them under 1*l*. was 462, or 2½ per cent. of the whole. In 1887 the total number of cheques in the three corresponding days was 35,090, and 1,481 of these were under 1*l*.—that is, 4 per cent. of the whole. In other words, while the total number of cheques increased in the seven years over 75 per cent., the proportion rose from 2½ per cent. to 4 per cent.—that is, by 1½ per cent.—or the rise in proportion was equivalent to 77 per cent. Again, Mr. Currie stated that the Postal Orders in 1881-82 were in number 4½ millions, and in amount 2 millions. In 1885-6 they were in number 25½ millions, and in amount 10½ millions. Lastly, Mr. Currie told the Commission that, whereas in 1880 Glyn's dealt with 620 suburban cheques daily, of which 93 were between 5*l*. and 10*l*. and 215 under 5*l*., in 1887 they dealt with 1,250 such cheques daily, of which 245 were between 5*l*. and 10*l*. and 515 under 5*l*. From all this it seems clear that cheques are coming into very general use in very small transactions, so that coin and notes play now a very much smaller part in commercial transactions in the retail trade than they did, not only when Tooke wrote, but even at a comparatively recent date. Practically it may be said that the bulk of commercial transactions are now carried on without any money passing at all. For it will be recollected that, when cheques are exchanged at the Clearing-house, only from 1 to 2 per cent. of the amount of the total clearings have to be cashed. It follows that coin and notes have a trifling influence upon prices compared with that exercised by cheques, bills, and the like.

The theory of prices, like so much else in political economy, requires to be thoroughly reconsidered and revised. The old theory is correct only where no man is willing to trust another for ever so small an amount for ever so short a time; where, in fact, cash has to be paid for every single thing that is purchased. But in civilized countries money as ordinarily understood—that is to say, either coins alone or coins and notes—plays but a very subordinate part in commercial transactions. What really regulates prices is credit. As long as men have good credit they may buy as largely as men with great capitals, and thus as powerfully influence prices. It is not even necessary that they should obtain advances from bankers, and that thus they should be able to draw upon money, whether their own or borrowed. If their customers are willing to accept their bills, they may carry on business as actively as wealthy competitors, though they may be really drawing only upon expected profits in the future—never to be realized, as the event may prove. It is not even necessary that there should be documents of any kind to represent debt; a mere oral agreement, which may or may not be noted down, is often as effectual as the most formal contract, and has the same influence upon prices. Even, then, if we were to extend the definition of money to cheques, bills, and other instruments of credit, the old theory would still be defective. For a note made by a broker, or even, as we have just said, a verbal agreement between two neighbours, is a bargain, and influences prices. But this is not all. A little consideration will show that the quantity of commodities does not determine price, any more than the quantity of money. A merchant in New York sells to a dealer in Liverpool a quarter of wheat or a bale of cotton, and the purchaser instantly re-sells it to a broker, who sells it again to some one else. Thus it may pass in the course of an hour, or even less, through a dozen different hands before it is at last bought by the miller or the spinner. The single quarter of wheat or bale of cotton thus being sold in the course of a single day, or it may be a single hour, a dozen times, or possibly more, appears to be a dozen quarters or bales. And as transactions of a similar kind are recurring all over the world in every place where business is active, the real quantity of saleable things appears to be multiplied many times. It may be said that the great majority of these sales are speculative, but that does not affect the point we are now illustrating. Each purchaser makes himself liable for the full price he undertakes to pay. And each only knows of the purchase and sale effected by himself. None, that is to say, can trace the quarter or bale through more than two transactions. And even to those engaged, therefore, the quantity seems multiplied. Where speculative dealings of this kind are at all common, there is usually a Clearing-house through which settlements are effected without the passing of much money. But what we wish to bring out is, that if credit multiplies out of all proportion to the purchasing power of the world, so, on the other hand, speculative dealing multiplies many times the apparent quantity of saleable things in the world.

Prices, then, would seem to be expressions of the proportion between the quantities of purchasing power given by money and credit and the quantities actual, estimated, and apparent of saleable things, the prices in relation to one another being regu-

lated by that demand and supply which fixes value. Credit rests upon the belief, which in civilized countries is found by experience to be well founded, save in a very few exceptions, that men will fulfil their contracts. Yet even in the most civilized countries credit is sometimes good and sometimes bad. The state of credit depends upon a variety of causes, only some of which are economic. An outbreak of war, a revolutionary disturbance, and the like, will give a shock to credit, and so will a multitude of other causes. But in communities where life and property are secure, the permanent influences regulating credit are economic. And it is among those influences that we must search for the causes of that fall in prices which, in the opinion of many, has not even yet come to an end. Bimetallists universally, and even some sound monometallists, trace the fall to the wider use of gold since 1873, and the falling off in the production of the metal. We are not prepared to deny that this combination of circumstances has had an effect upon prices. But we have been endeavouring to show above that it cannot have been the sole, or even the chief, cause of the fall. Mr. Crump, on the other hand, maintains that the fall is entirely due to over-production. But over-production, if taken literally, is a contradiction in terms. For every person who offers to exchange an article in that very act bids for something else. And even if over-production be limited to certain commodities, the question still remains, How is it, with so much poverty in the world, that the necessities and comforts of life are produced in such excess, that prices fall steadily and continuously for over a dozen years? Obviously it is not over-production, but under-consumption, that is implied in this extraordinary fall. And when we arrive at this conclusion, we are still confronted by the question, How is it that consumption has not increased as fast as production? Not certainly from any lack of desire on the part of consumers, but simply from a lack of the power of purchasing. We have seen above that purchasing power is regulated by credit. To what, then, is it attributable that credit was so good all through the third quarter of this century that prices rose almost without check, and that since 1873 credit has been so bad that prices have fallen in many cases lower than they were before the rise began? The answer, we venture to think, is that labour has not been so productive, taking the world all over, as it was before 1873. It is man's labour, physical and mental, which produces everything. Even capital itself is but the result of labour accumulated and hoarded up. And when labour is highly productive, credit is good; when it is not highly productive, credit is bad. After all, credit is given in the belief that men will and can pay back what they borrow. When labour is highly productive, everybody is sanguine, bankers, as well as others; new enterprises of all kinds are proving remunerative, and wealth is growing by leaps and bounds. Therefore, men of good character have no difficulty in obtaining credit. And every extension of credit, as we have seen, tends to send up prices.

#### INFANTRY DRILL.\*

THERE are many points of interest in the "new red book"—or rather, to use the official title, in the *Infantry Drill*, 1889—beyond the purely practical advantage it offers to military men, who for many months past have had to carry out their duties of instruction with the help of much-interleaved, deleted, and annotated copies of the *Field Exercise*. One of the most striking is the curiously half-hearted, tentative, we might almost say preparatory, character of the modified system of drill which it now finally introduces. Reformers imbued with modern and practical theories concerning the real nature of the art and mystery of war have been at work, and in some measure have made themselves heard; but they evidently have failed in achieving more than a preliminary breaking down of the time-honoured prejudices in favour of rigidity, elaborate dressing, multiplication of internal movements, of all the complication and variety, in fact, which lend brilliancy to a field-day or a royal review, but which, for the ultimate purpose of attack and defence, were already recognized as unnecessary twenty years ago. Meanwhile, in this partial destruction of an obsolete system, and this groping attempt at elaborating one a little more "up to date," lay an obvious opportunity for sundry enthusiastic officers to push forward cherished little fads of their own, such as improved military calisthenics, in lieu of the very sufficient "extension motions," or a very scenic method of sizing a company—this, by the way, necessitates the numbering of the men in single rank, a long process which should have been avoided, since they must immediately be re-numbered in two ranks—or an improved style of carrying and saluting with the sword, and so forth. It must

\* *Infantry Drill*. As Revised by Her Majesty's Command. 1889.

*Key to Infantry Drill*. By Captain W. D. Malton. Second edition. London: Clowes & Sons. 1889.

*Physical Drill, with and without Arms; and the new Bayonet Exercise*. By Lieut.-Col. G. M. Fox, late 1st Batt. "The Black Watch." London: Clowes & Sons. 1889.

*German Field Exercise*, 1888. Part II. The Fight. Translated by Captain W. H. Sawyer. London: Edward Stanford. 1888.

*The New German Field Exercise*, 1888. Part I. The Portion on Drill in Extended Order. Part II. Attack and Defence, Complete. Translated by G. J. R. Glüncke, B.A. Lond., late Royal Prussian Engineers. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1888.



be conceded, however, that, on the whole, the changes introduced, consisting as they mainly do of excisions and simplifications, are decided improvements. Among the most important are the substitution of non-commissioned officers for officers for the duty of guides, the assimilation of company formations in line and in column, the absolute substitution—which at the time of our first great reform in drill matters, in 1870, was only permissive—of “forming” for “wheeling,” the final abolition of those absurdities, locking-up in marching past and countermarching; the simplification of that cardinal movement of the rank and file, the formation of fours; and the abolition of some very pretty movements, which are by no means required in modern drill, and are peculiarly bewildering to the recruit, such as “forming to the right or left and to the right or left about.” As far as squad and company drill is concerned, the simplification is very satisfactory, but the work of emendation in battalion and brigade movements remains curiously incomplete, mainly, no doubt, in consequence of the unwillingness of some persons of high influence to do away for good and all with all “line” and “echelon” formation. But, although “line movements” are not finally discarded, it is very significant that, with the exception of double companies and double columns, all the evolutions that have been suppressed are connected with line movements. These are:—battalions in line relieving each other; retirements in column from one flank of a line in rear of the other, or from both flanks in rear of any named company; changing position by the flank-march of fours and prolonging the line. With reference to the suppression of “double company” and “double column” formations, it is curious to note that among the “Definitions” now appear for the first time that of “Grand Divisions: two companies of the same battalion abreast for marching past.” One important and beneficial change observable in the new system is the rearrangement of many cautionary and executive words, both in company and in battalion drill, for the purpose of ensuring that every command will invariably convey to the rank and file an express statement of some movement learned at squad drill. To take a common instance, “a battalion in line forming into column from the halt.” In the old drill the word of command was simply “Break into column to the right”; there was practically no caution at all, and as an executive word there was nothing to convey, except so to speak by agreement, any idea of the part expected of the men. Now this anomaly is rectified; the caution “Column to the right (or left)” and the executive word “right about turn” being sufficient and necessary to warn all concerned and explaining themselves. Similar improvements in the wording of commands are noticeable throughout the new drill-book.

In contrast with the intermediate character of the reforms actually effected is the totally different spirit in which the nature and purpose of drill is now set forth by the authorities. If we compare the forewords of the *Field Exercise*, 1884, and of the *Infantry Drill*, 1889, we find that, while His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, in the General Order dated September 1884, only reminded “the officers of the army of the responsibility they will incur by introducing any deviation from a system sanctioned by Her Majesty,” the Army Order of the 1st January, 1889, points out that “the regulations are based on the principle of demanding great exactitude in the simplified movements still retained for drill, while conceding the utmost latitude to all commanders, of however small a unit, in manœuvre.” Without being in actual contradiction, the tone of the two orders points to very different ways of understanding the purpose of drill. It may be said that, previous to the appearance of the new Regulations, drill was held to be the object in itself, rather than a means to other ends; whilst now it is only to be studied for the purpose of “manœuvres,” which, according to the official definition, is “the application of drill to the circumstances of supposed or actual conflict.” And it is this concession to modern military circumstances, this admission that the main purpose at least of military training is an “efficient preparation for the requirements of the battle-field,” which makes it so difficult to understand why the salutary expunging of useless movement which has at last begun should not have been carried further. The space devoted to actual drill, as distinct from manœuvre, in the “new red book” is 189 pages, as against 286 in the old one. This is, of course, an improvement; but why such half-measures? By doing away, without compromise, as the Germans have done, with all line and echelon movements—and even without going as far as they have done in the direction of simplicity—infantry drill might have been still further reduced by one-third. In these days, when there is so much to be learned outside the parade-ground, every evolution which can be struck out of the schedule of instruction represents so much time and energy which should be devoted to the practical art of fighting. This is the German view of the case, and one which it would be particularly advantageous to adopt here, considering the growing importance of auxiliary services in which, from the very nature of their organization, the time available for instruction is greatly limited.

It is to be regretted that Captain Sawyer's translation of a portion of the new German *Exercir-Reglement* was not made to include, together with “Part II., the Fight, or the handling of troops in action,” something of squad, company, and battalion drill. If looked upon merely as a chapter on minor tactics, according to the latest theories, the little book is, no doubt, of interest; but, considering the intimate connexion which should exist between all branches of drill, whether in close or extended

order, Captain Sawyer would have done more useful work had he presented to his readers a complete account of the new German regulations. There was a great opportunity for another translator to initiate the great public which in England takes interest in military matters in the admirable simplicity and practicality of the new German drill. But this opportunity has been completely missed by Captain Glüncke, now “commanding the Bedford company, Tower Hamlets Volunteers,” and who appears to have formerly been of the “Royal Prussian Engineers.” The Glüncke translation covers practically no more ground than Captain Sawyer's, and can by no means be compared with the latter in terseness and accuracy of rendering.

With the new *Infantry Drill* appeared, as a matter of course, revised editions of the usual “Keys,” “Companions,” “Officers’ Vade-mecums.” Of this little parasitic tribe Captain Malton's *Handbook* is perhaps the most useful as a complete index of the changes effected by the latest drill regulations—indeed, such a work was much wanted, and the booklet is rapidly running on to a third edition. The principal feature of the *Infantry Drill*, 1889, as a whole is the increased space devoted to manœuvres and tactics; in matters of drill proper the greatest change takes, as we have said, the form of deletion. Indeed, the only addition worth mentioning appears under the head “Physical Training.” This subject, although quite sufficiently treated in the body of the official book, is taken, together with a new bayonet exercise, to form the matter of a semi-official compilation by Lieutenant-Colonel Fox. All the new calisthenic exercises are unmistakably good, and, when performed to music as sanctioned by the new regulations, are very likely to prove generally popular. The new Bayonet Exercise—in which we recognize many movements advocated in a little book published many years ago by Captain A. Hutton—as practical instruction in fighting, is a decided improvement on the old system, although serious exception might be taken to the “throw point” with or without the lunge, which might in earnest too often lead to the disarming of the bayoneteer. Whether we consider the new drill in detail or from a broad point of view, we can but admit that all the changes effected are in the right direction; but, at the same time, it is evident that we must look forward to further emendation at no very distant date, when, perhaps, we may see our system of instruction embodied in all its branches that all-important principle that “nothing which has been learnt on the drill-ground should have to be unlearned on the battlefield.”

#### BRIC-A-BRAC.\*

WITH some points excepted, Lord Ronald Gower's catalogue of his own collections is not only a pleasant book to turn over, but an example not unworthy of imitation. If it were largely imitated, the tendency of interesting “objects of virtue” to disappear in small private collections and to reappear dubiously and apocryphally, or not at all, would be considerably lessened. Everybody might not be able, or might not care, to expend the money necessary to produce quite so handsome a volume as this. But a catalogue *quelconque*, with some sort of illustration of the more remarkable objects to assist in their identification afterwards, would, when once published, or even printed, be pretty safe to survive in one form or another. In the present book we shall leave unnoticed, or barely noticed, such little eccentricities as Lord Ronald's remarks on primogeniture, only doing him the justice to observe, in passing, that he expressly does not believe in the fabulous “law of primogeniture” which delights Radical orators, and which is to be found in a volume of the statutes on the same shelf with the *Liber de tribus Impostoribus*, the original writings of Christian Rosycross, and the “Castle of the Seven Deadly Sins.”

The most interesting parts of Lord Ronald's collection, as described and figured here, may be said to be three—his Marie Antoinette relics, his medals, and his drawings. The first division consists of a fan, an opera-glass, and a couple of books belonging to the Queen, with divers miniatures, statuettes, and medallions of her. The medals, of which six sheets are given, are also devoted to Marie Antoinette and her family. But the drawings are miscellaneous in subject. There are several by a little-known artist, John Downman, a portrait-painter and R.A. of the end of the last century and beginning of this, whose work really deserved some of the praise which Lord Ronald, as his collector and herald, bestows on him. The “Lady Beauchamp” and “Lady Anna Waldegrave” are very good, and the artist's loyal ingenuity enabled him to make Queen Charlotte like and yet not quite ugly. A Sir Joshua—himself represented by himself and looking like a rather ill-favoured girl—is certainly a curiosity. Among his old-master drawings Lord Ronald boasts a Holbein and a Giorgione—which we shall hope for his sake are less dubious than many Holbeins and most Giorgiones—an interesting Bronzino (painted, this, on copper), and divers other agreeable things, including a head very full of character by Barocci. This represents a lady whom the unkind may call something of a Blowzaldin, and who certainly is a kind of natural opposite to what one may imagine the Lady in *Comus* to have been—a sort of Goddess or handmaid to the Goddess of Jollity. But perhaps the gem of the collection

\* *Bric-à-brac*. By Lord Ronald Gower. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

is a copy or replica, or whatever it is, of the Nanteuil Madame de Sévigné which Lord Ronald believes to be by Nanteuil himself. The inscription is not needed to tell the subject, and, if it is not absolutely authentic, it is at any rate an extremely clever imitation of, and even improvement upon, Nanteuil's pastel or Edelinck's engraving.

#### THE HOLY PLACES OF JERUSALEM.\*

PROFESSOR HAYTER LEWIS'S *Holy Places of Jerusalem* is a careful and impartial attempt to solve the interesting problems which the "Holy Places," and the buildings said to be erected over them, present. It seems strange, as he says, that such questions as where the Temple of Solomon stood, and where our Saviour suffered and was buried, should remain undecided; but, when we consider the treatment which Jerusalem has received—how Titus took it, Barcochebas took it, Hadrian took it, Chosroes, Heraclius, Omar, the Charezmians, Godfrey, Saladin, all took it in turn after hard fighting—the wonder is rather that any place within the walls can be identified at all. On the other hand, we must remember that, though historians relate that in the Persian invasion and at the demolition by the Mohammedans in 1010, the Christian buildings in Jerusalem were, "as it were, uprooted from the earth," yet the utter destruction of a complex mass of building such as those of the Temple or of the Holy Sepulchre, is, as the late Professor Willis has pointed out, "by no means easy; nor is it ever effected by a hostile force so as to obliterate the foundations, for the ruins of the walls and vaults necessarily protect the lower part of the buildings. When a building is taken down by friendly hands, the materials are carefully removed as fast as they accumulate; but this systematic process is not likely to be carried on by men working under the influence of malicious violence, whose sole object is to disfigure and render untenable the object of their fury. They are satisfied when the perfect structure is converted into a misshapen heap of ruins. But those who, when the storm has passed, return with friendly hands to clear away the rubbish and rebuild the fallen walls, are sure to find the original foundations, much of the lower part of the walls, and many of the vaults still entire. The original plan of the buildings, therefore, can never be lost under such circumstances; but it may be departed from during the rebuilding for two opposite reasons. In the first place, the funds may not be sufficient to reconstruct the whole of the buildings, or even to reconstruct the part of them which may be selected, on the same magnificent scale as before; or, on the other hand, the funds may be so large as to tempt an increase of magnitude and grandeur." These considerations, however, do not altogether apply to buildings such as those at Jerusalem, which, being built upon rock, require "so little depth of foundation building that they are more easily eradicated, and afford less temptation for the employment of old foundations in rebuilding than structures which are erected upon ground that requires deep trenches to be made, and massive sub-walls to afford a footing for the superstructure."

True as all these reflections are, they are of very inadequate assistance towards explaining the mystery of the Holy Places, because we cannot be sure that the earliest building of all was placed exactly on the spot which it professes to commemorate. There are at the present day in Jerusalem three principal buildings, the "Dome of the Rock" (*Kubbet es Sakhra*), the Mosque (*El Aksa*), and the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre"; and Professor Hayter Lewis's book chiefly consists of painstaking descriptions of these buildings, the result of a special journey to Jerusalem, which he undertook for the purpose of clearing up various disputed points.

The great controversy about the date of the existing buildings and the sites which they commemorate was originally started by the late Mr. Fergusson, the well-known writer on architecture, who declared that "the building so celebrated among Christians as the 'Mosque of Omar' is the identical church of the Holy Sepulchre erected by Constantine." He argued that the form of this building proved that it was not a mosque, and that it resembled certain buildings of Constantine's time. But this theory, that the rock known as *Es Sakhra*, with its cave below, was the actual site of the Sepulchre of Our Lord, made it necessary for him to find another site for the Jewish Temple, and this he does by placing it at the south-west angle of the Haram Area. We believe that Professor Lewis is quite justified in saying that Mr. Fergusson's opinion as to the "Dome of the Rock" being Constantine's work "was never much acquiesced in by students either of history or architecture," but his ideas as to the true site of the Temple have been ably supported by such well-known writers as Thrupp (1855) and Lewin (1863), whilst on the other side are Williams (1845), Willis, and Finlay, together with Warren and Conder, whose intimate knowledge of the buildings in the Haram Area, obtained by the surveys and excavations conducted at various times from 1867 to 1875, is equalled only by that of Sir Charles Wilson, by whom the ordnance survey in 1864-6 was conducted. Recently, however, Mr. Fergusson's theory as to the site of the Temple has received a powerful supporter in Professor Robertson Smith, whose plan and description are given in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopedia*

*Britannica*, under the head of "Temple." Professor Lewis dissects the arguments of Fergusson, who believed the Dome of the Rock to be Constantine's work, and Professor Sepp's theory that it was Justinian's, and comes to the conclusion that it certainly was not built by Constantine, nor for centuries after; that there is nothing in its plan to prove it Byzantine, nothing to disprove the Cufic inscription round the dome which tells us that the building was erected in the year 691 A.D. by Abd el Melik and the Arabs, who probably employed Byzantine workmen. He glances slightly at the various theories concerning the walls of Jerusalem, reproducing Wilson's and Warren's map of the Haram Area, and giving a map of the city in which the "first," "second," and "third" wall are interlaced in most bewildering fashion. He also gives some charming illustrations of that most interesting building, the Mosque El Aksa, whose stumpy iron-bound columns of red stone he believes to be the remains of the "flame-coloured" columns described by Procopius in Justinian's great church of the Virgin, though he admits that he cannot identify its site.

In his dissertation on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre he objects to the late Professor Willis's conjectural restoration of Constantine's church, on the ground that he "cannot see, in Professor Willis's plan, a satisfactory 'extensive space, open to the sky, enclosed on three sides with long cloisters,' as described by Eusebius, and also because if the 'apse' were where Willis placed it, the officiating priest would turn his back to the Holy Sepulchre, besides the fact that the altar would be at the west instead of the east end. All this, we think, seems reasonable enough; we believe that Professor Willis's theory was in a great measure founded on the irregular line of columns on the north aisle of the existing church, for whose existence he endeavoured to account by assuming them to be the remains of a cloister which bounded the open area upon which the Crusaders' choir and central cupola was afterwards erected. Yet Professor Lewis's alternative sketch seems on too grand a scale, and does not explain the meaning of these columns in any way. *Non nostrum est*; it is not ours to decide between them, and it is almost impossible to speak intelligibly about the plans of buildings without having a ground plan to refer to; yet we think, with Professor Hayter Lewis, that it would have been very unlikely that the builders of a Church of the Holy Sepulchre should have built a wall shutting out the Holy Sepulchre itself from their church. His remarks on the Golden Gate are also well worth reading from an architectural point of view, for he establishes the date of the building as "late in Justinian's reign," by reference to the fact that its entablature is carried in a curve over the arches of the gate, as at the great temple at Damascus and the cathedral at Spalato, and from the fact that "its domes rise gracefully from a square base by pendentives in the true Byzantine manner, in the place of being groined, as would have been the case in Roman work." This is the gate which Omar blocked up "till the end of the world, when the good Mussulmans will pass along the sharp bridge across the Kedron to the Houris of Paradise." For Jerusalem is the Holy City, not only of Christians and Jews, but of Mohammedans also, and it is partly to this feeling that we owe the preservation of the various Christian edifices therein.

The greater part of Professor Hayter Lewis's interesting work is devoted to combating the theories of Fergusson; not that he shows the least bias against Fergusson, but he appears to be driven by the logic of facts to disagree with him. The following words, which we quote from Besant and Palmer's *History of Jerusalem*, seem to us to sum up very happily this aspect of the controversy:—"The third argument [about the Holy Places] is from architecture. History may be misinterpreted. It may even purposely deceive. But architecture cannot lie. Within limits, superior and inferior, the date of a building can be assigned to it. These limits approach each other more nearly as we come to modern times. Architects find no difficulty, for instance, in distinguishing buildings of the fifteenth from those of the sixteenth century. But the limits recede from each other as we go back. Therefore it is that this is an argument as concerns the Holy Sepulchre which can only be used by the hands of the greatest experience. Nor ought any conclusion to be generally accepted by the world until it has been acceded to by a majority of that small number of architects competent to judge. Mr. Fergusson has written on the architecture of the Dome of the Rock; his conclusions, however, have not met with the approval of authorities such as Professor Willis or the Count de Vogüé, of equal rank with himself . . ." To the names of these two architects we may now add that of a third.

#### ENGLISH CATHOLICS OF 1715.\*

IT is a reviewer's duty in noticing such a work as this to point out that it is rather a compendium of matter than a book suited to the general reader. The volume mainly consists of very fairly selected extracts from Probates of Wills and the "Forfeited Estates Papers" at the Public Record Office. We may add that a preface, a good index, and excellent type, paper, and binding help to make it about all that can well be expected in a book of this class.

In writing of the rising in 1715 the author says that, while

\* *The Holy Places of Jerusalem*. By T. Hayter Lewis, F.S.A. London: John Murray. 1888.

\* *Records of the English Catholics of 1715*. Compiled wholly from Original Documents. Edited by John Olebar Payne, M.A. London: Burns & Oates. 1889.



"it was but natural that Catholics should bitterly lament and even resent the dethronement of their lawful and Catholic Sovereign," "the question is forced upon us, would not the Church in this country have been less harassed, earlier suffered to remain at peace, or have more speedily attracted souls within her fold, had Catholics, where no principle of *faith* was at stake, but passively acquiesced in the political changes of the time?" A letter written in 1716, and now in the British Museum, is quoted in evidence of the fact that a very high ecclesiastic was "ordered by the Pope to publish that English Catholics may and ought to promise fidelity and entire obedience to the present Government, but to make no mention of the Pope's authority." That many Catholics "regretted the active participation of any of their number in the rising" Mr. Payne says there is "ample evidence." Lady Derwentwater speaks of the "unhappy rising," and Henry Butler of Rawcliffe calls it "the late horrid rebellion," although his own son was engaged in it and was executed in consequence. In our opinion nobody is likely to sympathize any the less with the Catholics of the early part of last century in their losses and disabilities for what they believed to be right if he approaches the subject in the calm and sensible temper suggested by the author's question; and we may add that it is well to remember, when considering the undoubted sufferings of English Catholics in days gone by, that there is no country in which they enjoy greater freedom at present than England.

It might be expected that the wills of "Popish Recusants" would be full of bequests to monasteries and convents. This, however, is not the case. On the contrary, it is far more common to find the testators providing, that if any of their children join a religious order their legacies are to be materially reduced. This was done, not with the object of deterring them from becoming monks or nuns, but of keeping the money in such a case in the family, instead of allowing it to be absorbed in the funds of some religious community; for in most instances ample provision was left for the maintenance of the legatee as a priest or religious. Two or three of the testators only reduced the legacy if their child or children entered a monastic house under a certain age. Thomas Stonor of Stonor ordered any of his children "entering a Religious Order under 21 years of age to have only 500*l.*," while Henry Fermor directed "any younger child turning Religious between the ages of 21 and 30 to have only 500*l.*, but any doing so after 30 years of age to have her full share of 2,000*l.*" James Fermor leaves "5*l.* only to any of his five younger children who turn Religious," whatever their age. Henry Bedingfield wills that either of his daughters "entering a Religious Order before 25 years of age is cut off from her portion." Michael Blount orders "either of his daughters entering Religion to have 500*l.* in lieu of 2,000*l.* otherwise their portion." Among people of wealth, 500*l.* appears to have been the usual dowry for a monk or a nun. Small legacies to the priest who should attend the testator on his deathbed were common, and for the safety of the former, they were generally expressed in some such terms as these:—"5*l.* to the gentleman that assists me at the time of my death." Bequests to be employed as honorariums for masses for the soul of the person making the will were usually made unconditionally to some priest, and a letter or secret codicil was left to explain how they were to be disposed of. Walter, Lord Aston, left a letter to his son instructing him that he leaves "100*l.* for prayers for his soul, viz., 50*l.* to the two bishops in London, Mr. White and Mr. Challenge, to give to the most pious and wanting of their clergy to pray for me." White was the alias of Bishop Benjamin Petre, then Vicar Apostolic of the London District; and Challenge that of Bishop Challoner, his coadjutor. Francis Carington of Wootton leaves to "Mrs. Bridget Pain 5*l.* 5*s.* to pray for me . . . to the monks at Douay 300*l.* to say as many masses for me at our Lady's altar as their duty will allow of, and a high mass every year." Anne FitzWilliam desires at her funeral "200 poor people each to have 6*d.*, each to say before taking the money, God be merciful to her soul." John Weston, in 1724, says in his will that, "Whereas the miserable condition and sufferings of the poor Catholics of England is very deplorable," he bequeaths to "the poorest and most needy of them 250*l.*, to be divided amongst 500 poor, which is 10*s.* a-piece." A clause in the will of Dennis Moloney, of Gray's Inn, runs as follows:—"To Mr. Turberville, my horse, I am glad he is a good one for my friends sake . . . 10*l.* each to the clergy of the Portuguese, French, Spanish, and Sardinian Chapels in London, that they may severally say and perform the service and office of the dead . . . the poor begging at the chapel door when such service is performing to have 2 guineas divided amongst them, and they to join in praying for my soul at the same time." Legacies to lay people with requests for their prayers are common. Catherine Winford leaves "to the poorest Priests that are about London 15*l.*: to poor lay Catholics about Worcester 10*l.* . . . all these charities being given for the benefit of the souls of my father, mother, and my own." This was a secret codicil; but it eventually found its way into the hands of the authorities.

Among the curiosities in these old wills are William Plowden's observations in his last testament of 1739. He speaks of his heavy sorrows, "God enable me to bear 'em Christianly." He "did intend to be buried in Plowden Bow," with his ancient ancestors, and close to his "last dear wife, Mary Stonor"; "but being bent upon complying with what," he thinks, "will best please" his "present wife Mary Lyttleton, and seeing her determined to be buried" at Worcester, he says, "I do depart from

and wave whatever moved me to the above intentions." To this present wife Mary Lyttleton, he leaves a certain legacy and "whatever she calls her own (her word to be taken for it)." Very different are the terms in which Henry, Earl of Stafford, mentions his wife in his will:—"I give to the worst of women, except a . . . , who is guilty of all ills, the dn. of Mr. Grammont, a Frenchman, whom I unfortunately married, 45 brass half-pence, which will buy her a pullet for supper"; and later on he describes her father as "the worst of men, and his wife the worst of women." "Had I known their character, I had never married their daughter, nor made myself unhappy." Nathaniel Pigott wills that his wife may "dispose of plate as she may think fit, if she shall recover her memory." James, Lord Waldegrave, in 1738, merely mentions his "worthless daughter, heretofore Herbert, and now Beard." Her husband, John Beard, was an actor. Humphrey Weld cuts off his four children with one shilling apiece, and leaves the residue to his wife. Many instructions are left with regard to funerals, and much variety of taste is shown in regard to coffins, hours of burial, and other details. Lady Mary Gerard desires to be left unburied as long as possible. Anne, Countess of Sussex, wishes to be buried early in the morning; but the majority of the testators who say anything about the time of their funerals want to be buried at night, between eleven and twelve being the hour generally appointed. Elizabeth Howard desires burial "as privately and decently as 18 guineas will pay"; and at one funeral there is to be "no pomp, no flutter, no hearses, no coaches, no rings, no scarves, gloves, nor hat-bands"; but "after my corps, old Tom Blackmore—above 100—if alive, to walk mourner and to have 20*s.*, after him 70 men of sixty, each (if so it may be) to attend unto my grave and to have 5*s.* each." Mary Porter's three daughters "may not be permitted to go to" her "funeral, because it may injure their health." Hugh, Lord Clifford, after mentioning two churches in either of which he may be buried "if he dye" in Devon or Somerset, makes the modest request to be buried in Westminster Abbey if he dies in or near London, or "in the nearest Cathedral, if elsewhere."

There is evidence in the "Forfeited Estates Papers" that, when Catholics became Protestants, they sometimes informed against their relations in order to claim a share of their property. Francis Anderton informs against his elder brother as a Papist; "and further, this deponent saith that he hath heard the said Sir Laurence Anderton own that he was a monk." Edward Shaftoe "hath made itt his utmost indeavours to" give information against his relatives; and he complains that he has thereby "gained displeasure and mallice of all" his "friends and Relations, who hath no pity of compashtion on" his "deplorable circumstances"; and on this ground he hopes the Commissioners will "assist me in some measure y<sup>t</sup>. I may have some Release." Thomas Fletcher, "in ironical gratitude to the memory of his cousin Sir Henry, to whose munificence he was indebted for every inch of the estate he then held," actually informed the Commissioners of a small legacy his benefactor had made by secret codicil for religious purposes, and hoped he was "also entitled to a share of the money" so bequeathed. The widow of a certain Richard Butler, heir to a person of the same name, "convict for late rebellion, humbly proposes to become farmer of his estate in behalf of her two infant sons, who she offers to be educated Protestants." In a letter to the Lords of the Treasury, the Commissioners express their opinion that if the Catholics "are divested of their estates, and Protestants succeed, the Roman Catholic Interest in those Northern Counties must be entirely ruined." Constant squabbles appear to have gone on between the Commissioners and the informers as to the proportion of the rewards due to the latter. At one time, in the eighteenth century, a fourth part of a "superstitious estate" was granted to any person "discovering" it, and for the encouragement of informers they are assured that "trusts of that nature are so very secretly managed that, for the most part . . . none are privy to them but the . . . persons principally concerned." Several instances are quoted in which servants betrayed their masters to the Commissioners, and it is odd that they did not do so more frequently, considering the large rewards which they could have thus obtained. Occasionally the office of an informer was not an agreeable one, especially during the time of the rebellion. A certain Matthew Robson took his "corporall oath" that on passing through Rothbury, where he "intended to refresh himself," "one of the rebels came to this deponent in a great passion bidding God d—n this deponent," and "shaking his whip at this deponent." He added that a certain rebel "took his horse from this deponent, saddled and bridled, and this deponent's sword and buff belt, putting him under a guard during the space of three howers, threatening to shoot and slay" him. Finally he "releasht him, but kept his horse and all the things above mentioned, which this deponent" "avert upon oath" were "realy and bone fide worth, the time when taken from him, the sume of 7*l.* British money." English Catholics who had gone abroad to escape the cross-questionings of the Commissioners do not seem to have been in a hurry to return; and medical certificates were sent over to England as an excuse for keeping out of it. Mrs. Widdrington's doctor at Pointoise certified that she was subject to "divers distempers," " (amongst others) violent fits of apoplexy, of the cholick, of vomitting, the feaver"; and Edward Dicconson's "Phisitian" in Flanders bears testimony to his "languishing condition," saying that "it would endanger his life to travel."

Many extracts are given from entries in the Commissioner's Black-books. Lady Mary Ratcliffe, "being a Roman Catholic, is disabled, and incapable to take" the estate devised to her by her brother. A property standing in the name of Lord Molyneux in reality belonged to "Popish Priests and Jesuits." "The Hon. Henry Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk, is a Popish Priest, and has a pension of 200*l.* paid him out of the Duke's estate." A "gent." of the name of Diceconson was "indicted upon the statutes for taking orders in the Church of Roome." "John Savage, now Earl Rivers, is a Popish Secular Priest, and receives 500*l.* per annum from James, Earl of Barrimore." "John Taafte, of Chester, gent., maketh oath" that Catherine Massey is a nun, and that he once saw her in her habit at a Convent in Bruges, "shut up within the grates." These are merely specimens of a number of entries of the same kind. The accounts of properties alienated from Catholics may prove interesting to those who now hold them, as well as to those who think that they ought to hold them, and there must be, we fancy, but very few English people who could not find one of their relations' names, if not their own, in the lengthy index at the end of this volume.

#### OUR NATIONAL CATHEDRALS.\*

EXCEPT as a mere piece of bookmaking, it is difficult to understand why these three somewhat ponderous tomes were compiled. They are too bulky to be portable, too detailed to be readable, too general to be valuable, and too gaudy to be possible. To originality they make no pretensions, except in the matter of binding. But in that there is originality enough to make up for six or seven hundred pages of ill-arranged information; not to mention the fact that the book is "lavishly illustrated with separate coloured plates [they might often with advantage have been gummed together face to face], reproduced from fine steel engravings, and very many original wood engravings in the text." "The whole" has, however, been "carefully compiled and revised by the aid of dignitaries of the Anglican Church"—a fact which may account for a good deal. It is better not to describe the binding further than by saying that it is mostly bright red, that it has St. Paul's Cathedral in gold on a sky-blue ground, Canterbury Cathedral in gold in a red trefoil on a rainbow ground, the whole being brought into harmony by intertwined green vine leaves. To do justice to it in words would require the accumulated skill of generations of heralds. In fact, the book is eminently suited for its probable destiny—to lie on the table in the drawing-room of a modern Gothic hotel at a "health resort." As for the illustrations, some of the woodcuts are good, and the plans are all carefully executed. The information also seems, in all cases where we have tested it, to be accurate. But it is not complete enough to make the work valuable as a book of reference; nor is it placed in a form attractive enough for the general reader.

#### MATHEMATICAL CLASS-BOOKS.

AMONGST the many editions of *Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry* produced recently, that of Messrs. Hall & Knight (Macmillan & Co.) will deservedly occupy a prominent place as a class-book. It is now completed to the end of the Sixth Book, and though supplied with additional theorems and examples at the end of each division, and a large selection of riders and deductions, the whole only occupies 382 small pages. In some parts a short note or hint, in others skilful condensation or rearrangement of the demonstration, or increased precision in defining, prove careful revision of the whole text and special attention to many points important to practical instructors. Many of the proofs are obviously improved, and in certain cases an alternative one is given. The treatment of the Fifth Book combines both the geometrical and algebraical modes, the former according to the system proposed by Professor De Morgan. The editors wisely resist the tendency to shorten proofs by a profuse use of algebraic symbols. Thus in the Second Book—the text, at least—they use neither the *plus* for addition nor the *minus* for subtraction or excess, much less do we find  $AB^2$  instead of the phrase "square on AB"—a fault which has become too common in recent elementary works. Of additional points treated briefly but clearly, we note *loci*, *orthogonal circles*, *maxima and minima*, *harmonic section*, *pole and polar*, *transversals*. The principal fault in this excellent manual is that the references to pages are frequently wrong, for which probably the blame should be laid to the printer's charge.

Mr. Layng's *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, Book III. (Blackie & Son), is the continuation of an edition which we formerly had occasion to notice favourably. There is an excellent series of subsidiary propositions, which relate of course to the main elementary developments of the geometry of the circle. The sixteenth proposition of the text, important because introducing the notion of tangency, is, we think, proved more simply and satisfactorily by the direct method. Mr. Layng's proof of the 35th is the neatest we have seen recently. His notes give ample proof of skill in geometrical work.

*The Harpur Euclid*, by Messrs. Langley and Phillips (Rivingtons), is now completed to the end of Book II, the continuation fully bearing out the opinion formerly expressed as to the editing of Book I. A special feature is the notes, sometimes pretty detailed; for example, that on quadrilaterals occupying six pages, and there is another of nine pages on the methods of solving geometrical problems. Some of the reasoning in the latter seems too general for beginners.

*The Mathematical Examples Pure and Mixed*, by Messrs. Dyer and Prowde-Smith (Deighton, Bell, & Co.), is an excellent compilation, somewhat of the nature of that of Mr. Wrigley, which has furnished excellent practice for more than forty years, and is still in great vogue. The newer work, however, is more limited in range, and has no examples on hydrostatics or hydrodynamics. It is especially suited for such examinations as those of the army and the Indian Civil Service. The editing has been devoted to the selection and grouping of examples, without any formulæ or theory whatever, and from an examination of the sections under Trigonometry, theory of Equations and Dynamics, we cannot doubt that the work is well done. A first edition of 324 pp., full of examples, must unfortunately contain errata; we note three in sections 4 and 5 on p. 280.

In *A Treatise on Algebra* (Macmillan), by Mr. Charles Smith, we have yet another attempt towards perfecting instruction in elementary algebra. From the undoubted excellence of Mr. Smith's *Conic Sections*, which was noticed formerly, we hoped to find some originality and power in his treatment of this still more important branch of mathematics. The scope of the work is, however, more limited than, for example, that of Professor Chrystal, and perhaps a companion volume in the higher algebra and its applications will afford better opportunity for analytic skill and insight. Mr. Smith's present work is undoubtedly better suited for junior students than the treatise just referred to, though more details might be desirable in a few instances. An interesting feature, after establishing a test of any infinite series having a finite value, is its application to the three best known algebraic series before they are deduced or proved. This simplifies their treatment when actually taken up as theorems. We are glad to see the proof of the Binomial Theorem, derived from that of Vandermonde, in preference to Euler's proof as usually given. Mr. Smith closes with a well-written chapter on determinants and their application to elimination.

*The Companion to Weekly Problem Papers*, by the Rev. J. Milne (Macmillan & Co.), does not mean the solution of the 700 examples contained in that clever little work, but is a course of illustrated instruction on several points in mathematics which the regular books rather neglect. We find the theory of maximum and minimum (of which some thirty pages are geometrical), that of envelopes, the centroid, biangular co-ordinates, and a chapter of over eighty pages on "Recent Geometry," which discusses such matters as "isagonals," "Brocard points, triangles, circles, &c.," "triplicate ratio circle," "Tucker circles," "cosymmedian triangles," &c. These and other terms belong to the new triangular geometry, which during the last seven or eight years has been established by British and Continental mathematicians, many of the principal theorems being discovered twice independently. A chapter on Geometrical Inversion contains some interesting applications to Peauceller's problem and allied questions, with an account of "pedals." Besides a large number of riders solved in the course of the work, Mr. Milne gives some fifty pages of recent scholarship papers set at Cambridge. The book is wisely crowned with an index of subjects and proper names.

For his *Treatise on Conic Sections* Mr. Charles Smith now publishes his *Solutions of the Examples* (Macmillan & Co.) in a closely-printed volume of 268 pages. There seem to be no diagrams except in one chapter on the Tracing of Curves; yet the solutions are generally short and admirably clear, and in some instances the problem is resolved in more than one way. All who are acquainted with the Cartesian geometry and conics will at once see that this book represents much hard work, and also, from the manner of its execution, that it must greatly assist teachers and instruct students, advanced as well as elementary.

*The First Elements of Experimental Geometry* (Cassell & Co.) is a translation from the French of M. Paul Bert. The book is full of neat diagrams illustrating the various modes and varieties of measurement, as applied to lines, surfaces, or solids. Many of the details given, however, should be unnecessary for any teacher if at all efficient. The book closes with practical directions how to draw certain geometrical figures and plans, with a few notions as to land surveying. In his preface M. Bert remarks that the usual books on geometry only bewilder a child by making him first study abstract definitions. The teacher should begin with the concrete, and teach from tangible material things, the definitions to be introduced when needed, because then they will be best understood. Some exercises appended by the translator seem very suitable for examining pupils who have read the lessons.

*The Key to Todhunter's Differential Calculus* (Macmillan & Co.), by Mr. Hunter, will most probably be of use to many students who wish to attain expertness in differentiating and in the ordinary applications of the calculus. The solutions are generally full enough for beginners, and in some cases a second mode is given; but in a few geometrical problems diagrams are almost indispensable. Those given in the chapters on Tracing Curves are neatly drawn.

\* *Our National Cathedrals; their History and Architecture.* With Illustrations. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1889.



The *Academic Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical*, by Professor Blakslée, of Yale, is published at Boston, U.S., and bears other intrinsic evidence of its Transatlantic origin. In thirty-five pages the author sets forth the results of elementary plane and spherical trigonometry, the latter being connected with the former by certain "analogies," which are supposed "to aid the memory." After defining "function of a variable," we are furnished with an illustration thus—"Oil in lamp and time it has burnt." In the spherical part is given a good example of the reduction of an observation from the equator to the ecliptic.

*Commercial Mathematics* (Longmans & Co.) consists of two parts, on arithmetic and algebra respectively. The former gives a good account of the French decimal system, and the other Continental systems of reckoning money, weights, and measures in order to deal with the great commercial problem of exchanging money. There are a good many examples in exchange, followed by exercises. The second part of the book gives a practical account of elementary algebra to the solution of simple equations, the processes being regarded almost exclusively from the arithmetical point of view. One almost fails to find a reason for including such a treatise under the head of commercial mathematics.

Messrs. Hall & Knight's *Arithmetical Exercises* (Macmillan & Co.) are fifty in number, each containing eight graduated questions. These, however, are followed by fifty examination papers, which have been set recently at the College of Preceptors, the London University, the Oxford and Cambridge School Examinations, or Responsions, &c. An appendix of twenty-three pages presents a good selection of formulæ for mensuration and numerical constants, followed by 200 questions in logarithms and mensuration, arranged in sets.

*Arithmetic for Beginners: a Class-Book of Commercial Arithmetic* (Macmillan & Co.) is intended by the author, the Rev. J. B. Lock, as an introduction to his larger work. There is a chapter on Exchange and Foreign Money, and a few Oxford and Cambridge examination papers are appended.

An interesting contribution to our class-books is the *Higher Arithmetic and Elementary Mensuration* (Macmillan & Co.), by Mr. Goyer, Inspector of Schools, New Zealand. The author does not believe that arithmetic is best taught by formal rules and definitions, but by the presentation of good types and examples clearly explained, so that the principle of solution be adequately understood. A larger number of selected problems are worked out, illustrating the exercises which immediately follow, and Mr. Goyer seems to mainly use the method of equations. He insists, however, on retaining the rule of "proportion," and considers the "Unitary method," by which some would supplant it, to be "tedious and cumbrous." Over forty pages are devoted to the elementary propositions in mensuration of surfaces and solids.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is always particularly amusing to the critic to notice in each of M. Ohnet's (1) successive works the reasons at once of his popularity with the general, and of the alternations or mixtures of contempt, rage, and amusement with which critics themselves regard him and those with whom he is popular. The contempt and the rage of our brethren we think but unphilosophical; the amusement we share to the full. In fact, and to put the matter briefly, M. Ohnet is neither more nor less than a French Mrs. Henry Wood. There is the same slipshod want of distinction in phrase and thought, the same commonness of incident, sentiment, and manners, but also the same adjustment of a not inconsiderable faculty of telling a story to the exact purpose of hitting the vulgar taste. The wicked "Gyp" and her compeers, the brilliant M. Jules Lemaitre and his fellows, will have plenty of opportunity of making fun about Doctor Rameau with his *éloquence âpre et tranchante* (he is an atheist of that force that he has actually invented and patented the brand-new argument that there cannot be a God, because human beings are sometimes uncomfortable), his miraculous cures, and his only too unmiraculous blindness to the intrigue which his wife carries on with a sentimental German painter (clever man M. Ohnet! he makes the villain a German) under his eyes. But the general public will read *Le Docteur Rameau* just because it is not in the least clever, and has at the same time a certain interest. It does not make the general public uncomfortable to be interested, and it does make them uncomfortable to be confronted with cleverness.

Under the somewhat liberal title of *Amours Anglais* (2) M. Augustin Filon offers to French readers a collection of short stories as a salutary counterpoise to Russian influence on French literature. "Nous avons assez contemplé l'âme russe," says the writer in a preface in which his countrymen are invited to a contemplation of the English mind, an entity of which the author avers that a long sojourn on our shores, and years of profound and sympathetic study, have revealed to him every facet. It is worth noting how certain native eccentricities strike the intelligent foreigner. Despite M. Filon's long and patient study, possibly because he has taken it too seriously, its outcome is sometimes, as in the case of Lady Felicia, unintentionally comic. Lady

Felicia is the daughter of a hypochondriac duke. She is besides the wife of "Dr. Andrew Clerk," a distinguished physician whose leisure hours are devoted to the cure of souls. He lectures and preaches in the East-End, where his lovely and attractive wife improvises addresses, prayers, personal remarks to the congregation, and sacred tunes on the harmonium. All goes well with this strange pair until an invincible Frenchman, in whose veins "African blood" boils and bubbles, appears on the scene. He is prayed at, he is attracted, he attracts. Lady Felicia, after consulting her Bible, comes to the somewhat unorthodox conclusion that she will "follow him out across the seas," to the amazement of Dr. Andrew Clerk and of the British reader. Yet Lady Felicia is very nearly a clever study. The other tales in this volume are prettily written, and evidently designed for the proverbial Young Person. As we are still under the spell of "Dr. Andrew Clerk's" haunting presence, hygiene forbids us to prescribe for her example the one entitled "Homo Duplex." For therein she will read of a garden-party, where a lovely being meets with a truffled capon, and proceeds to eat a wing thereof, "washed down with tawny port," and preceded by foie-gras sandwiches.

*Chant de nocés* (3) is in one of the sadder of Mme. Henry Gréville's numerous manners—something after the fashion of *Lucie Rodey*. The deceived wife on this occasion is an exceedingly *bien élevée* young woman of the upper middle class, whose good bringing-up is, perhaps, a little, a very little, the cause of her woes. She marries a gifted musician, who on the very morning after the marriage composes a "Chant de nocés" of marvellous beauty. Albine, his wife, takes the "Chant" literally as for herself, resenting (this is a good touch of nature) the idea of any one else even hearing it. This innocent, but somewhat unwise, tendency to monopolize her husband, and the propriety just referred to, aggravate, though they do not excuse, the musician's tendency to stray from the path of strict conjugal rectitude, and after a time Albine becomes very unhappy. She only consoles herself virtuously, however, and, after forgiving and nursing the wanderer (who comes home literally to die), is left a widow of thirty-two with a past and no future, while the barrel-organs are grinding the "Chant de nocés" in every street. The end is not cheerful, nor is the book; but it is a good specimen of its author.

M. Léon de Tinséau, in *Alain de Kérisel* (4), has composed a kind of hymn to Venus Libitina, which is rather ingenious in *donnée*. A middle-aged diplomatist, returning home to marry a young girl, meets on board a steamer his fate in the shape of a certain Laura Mertvago, an English-Russian dame of the "fatal" kind. To make his fate worse, the brother of his betrothed is also a lover of the redoubtable Laura—who, by the way, does not strike us as a very attractive heroine. No novel-reader needs to be told what is the end of such a complication. This also is a book with a melancholy ending. M. de Tinséau always writes well; but on the present occasion he has rather failed to interest us to the full extent, either in his hero or in his heroine. Laura, as we have said, is not *sympathique*; and Kérisel would, we fear, be called by irreverent youth "an old donkey." An English couple, Sir Richard and Lady Elliot, are good; while the ill-treated Madeleine de Champdhivers is interesting and her brother tolerable. But it is ill when the minor personages have to make up for the major.

Romances of the future are apt to have a certain sameness, and this reproach lies to some extent against M. de Ferry's story of thirty years hence (5). Truth to tell, not very much seems to have been changed in Paris, except that anarchy has got a little further, or in Europe, except that Italy has been beaten again and received a fresh increase of territory, and (of course) that the "great egoist Albion" is in a state of decadence. Still M. de Ferry's woman-politician, Louise Méru, is rather well imagined, and he has resisted the tendency to a commonplace ending. Louise loves and marries, but her love and her marriage do not wean her from politics, and it is her husband who dies broken-hearted.

Very slight notice will suffice for our last three books. To say anything about the subject of a crime story (6) is itself a crime. *Tabou* (7) is a religious novel of the controversial kind (we profoundly pity Frenchmen if this gets common), and *Compromis* (8) is a well-intentioned, but rather ordinary, book.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN his *Life of Schiller* (Walter Scott), contributed to the series of "Great Writers," Mr. Henry Nevinston has manfully resisted the very natural and once irresistible temptation to exalt the poet somewhat unduly among the shining lights of the revolutionary epoch. Sobriety is the distinguishing note of his book. Schiller, Mr. Nevinston thinks, is no longer a name to conjure with. The hopes and passions he stirred in our poor old grand-

(3) *Chant de nocés*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Alain de Kérisel*. Par Léon de Tinséau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Un roman en 1915*. Par Alfred de Ferry. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Le crime de la rue Marignan*. Par Flagy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Tabou*. Par Albéric-Chabrol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Compromis*. Par Brada. Paris: Plon.

(1) *Le Docteur Rameau*. Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(2) *Amours anglais*. Par A. Filon. Paris: Hachette.

fathers "seem in us to be dead of atrophy." The modern Englishman cannot appreciate Schiller "as highly as his reputation demands," and the name of Schiller "remains familiar to all" chiefly, it seems, because of its connexion with that of "a genius higher than his own." Goethe and Schiller in juxtaposition is a phenomenon Mr. Nevinson cannot regard for a moment, though their conjunction, of course, is beautiful and suggestive to the biographer. That Schiller is now less studied than are other poets of equal fame may be true, and true it is that he supplies schools with text-books, though not solely, it is to be hoped, "because he wrote good German," as Mr. Nevinson says, and Propriety finds there is "no harm in him." So is Shakespeare utilized, and so are Corneille and Molière. If the key to Mr. Nevinson's respectful, though rather depressing, attitude towards Schiller lies in his conviction that "the scientific spirit has entered into literature," everybody who has delighted in Schiller in impressionable years must feel that the scientific spirit is an unclean spirit that should be promptly exorcised. The truth is, Schiller's work appeals primarily to the young. His is the poetry of enthusiasm. You must have a great natural store of emotional ardour to feel the full potency of his charm. In spite of the scientific spirit, the heroic ideals set forth in his dramas must continue to move youth of poetical temperament as in the old benighted years. It would not be difficult to show that the fruits of that much-belauded spirit—"clearness, accuracy, and exact analysis"—which Mr. Nevinson does not always find in Schiller are by no means characteristic of the contemporary poetical work of the more scientific mind of Goethe. Mr. Nevinson shows himself to be keenly alive to the defects of Schiller's dramatic method in the detailed examination of the various plays interspersed in the course of a narrative which is both clear and accurate. The diffuseness, labouring rhetoric, and sluggish action of the dramas are indeed more formidable than their lack of analysis or historical accuracy. We may wonder perhaps that they retain any hold on the stage, but when all deductions are made, they will never be shelved for want of readers of the kind that poets best love. It is easy, again, to display, as on the pillory, the absurdities of Schiller's juvenile dramas; but it is another task to recall and revivify the secret of the influence aroused by *The Robbers*. You may generalize on the temper of the times, and so forth, and yet be far from the inmost source of power revealed to aspiring susceptible youth. Mr. Nevinson's book, in short, is for those who have outlived kindly and exuberant first impressions. It may be taken as cold comfort or a good corrective, as circumstances permit. Mr. Anderson's classified bibliography of Schiller literature is, as usual, a boon to readers of "Great Writers."

The selection of *Sermons* by Archdeacon Farrar (Swan Sonnenschein), forming a volume in the "Contemporary Pulpit Library," comprises a few examples of what sermons should be, and once invariably were, and not a few addresses of the more popular kind that savours of the platform more than of the pulpit. Among the former are exhortations to charity and plain living, to self-denial and other heroic virtues, that lose nothing in effect by printing. For the rest, the loss that oratory sustains when shorn of the graces of voice and elocution is painfully apparent, the more so that this volume does not appear to have received the preacher's supervision. Pleasantly on the ear may have fallen the observation, in the sermon on "Christian Education," "A boy may turn his arithmetic into roguery, and his literature into lust," but in print the alliteration has lost its virtue. And so, too, is it with many an involved period of departed eloquence, which now appears a curious jumble of colloquialisms, Scriptural texts, and Tennysonian tags.

The fifth reprint of the "Christian Classics" series is *The Obedience of a Christian Man*, by William Tyndale, edited by Richard Lovett, M.A. (Religious Tract Society). This curiously outspoken treatise purports to be reproduced "for the most part" from the text of the Parker Society's edition of Tyndale. It contains a brief introduction by the editor and a useful synopsis of Tyndale's argument. The type employed, though clear, is too fine, as is frequent with so many modern reprints, to yield a black imprint, and is, therefore, trying to the eye.

There is some force in the chief propositions contained in Mr. J. J. Findlay's booklet, *Teaching as a Career for University Men* (Rivingtons), which is prefaced by a Note by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, a second edition of whose lecture, *On Stimulus* (Cambridge: University Press), we have also received. Mr. Findlay pleads for the training of teachers in what Mr. Sidgwick calls "high-grade schools." He declares it is not worth while at present to discuss in detail any scheme of training. What he insists upon is that "teaching is being badly done," and that training of teachers is necessary. And by "training" he means no more than is meant by "training for a doctor" or any other profession. When, however, we turn to Mr. Findlay's ideal of the teacher and his duties, it is seen that it embraces far more than is implied by such a training. He would have the teacher "helping to raise the tone of society in the generation that is coming." He is not content that the teacher should teach. He must fulfil that larger sphere that can only be effectually filled by a head of a school. For this, after all, is what one portion of Mr. Findlay's suggestions amounts to; and what would be the results if this ambitious field were seriously entertained by every undergraduate who attained to a mastership in a public school? All definition of a teacher's duties would disappear. Work is never so efficiently

performed as when there exists some common agreement as to its limits. A school in which all the masters fancied themselves to be Arnolds would certainly not be good for "discipline," however advantageous to "morals."

Mr. Justice Denman's free version in rhymed stanzas of M. Lamé Fleury's *L'Histoire Romaine racontée aux Enfants—The Story of the Kings of Rome* (Trübner & Co.)—though "not intended for publication," but for the delectation of one small boy, is sure to please children whose ears are readily held by lively rhymes. It is a capital example of a class, once very popular, of which Peacock's "Round Table"—a metrical account of English kings and queens—is a good, though forgotten, illustration. *The Story of the Kings of Rome* is full of vivacity and point. Here is a neat stanza on the apotheosis of Romulus:—

So all the Romans worshipped him;  
Quirinus now they called him;  
And, glad to lose him as a king,  
They as a god install'd him.

Reciters have an embarrassing wealth of material in Mr. George Baker's *Grand Army Speaker* (Routledge) and in the same editor's "Dialect Series," which comprises *Irish Recitations*, *Negro Dialect*, *Medley* and *Yankee Dialects*, all in prose or verse, from a variety of authors.

*Sam Saddleworth's Will*, by M. Scott Taylor (Digby & Long), tells of a disguised testator who enjoyed the delight of hearing his own will read, and of other wonders only to be divined by those who know how the "shilling dreadful" grows dreadfuller daily.

The always valuable *Dod* for 1889 (London: Bell & Sons; Whittaker & Co.) has appeared. The various attempts to provide cheap and nasty rivals to the *Parliamentary Companion* have always failed—as always may they.

We have to acknowledge *Examination Papers*, 1888, of the Royal University of Ireland (Dublin: Thom); *Targum on Isaiah i.-v.*, with Commentary by Harry S. Lewis, B.A. (Trübner & Co.); *Leon Roch*, from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdós, by Clara Bell, "authorized edition" (Trübner & Co.); *Northern Lights*, poems and songs by William Allan (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); *Linda and the Boys*, by Cecilia Selby Lowndes (Blackie); *The Story of Genesis*, by Frances Younghusband (Longmans & Co.); and *Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers*, by Lucia T. Ames (Putnam's Sons).

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